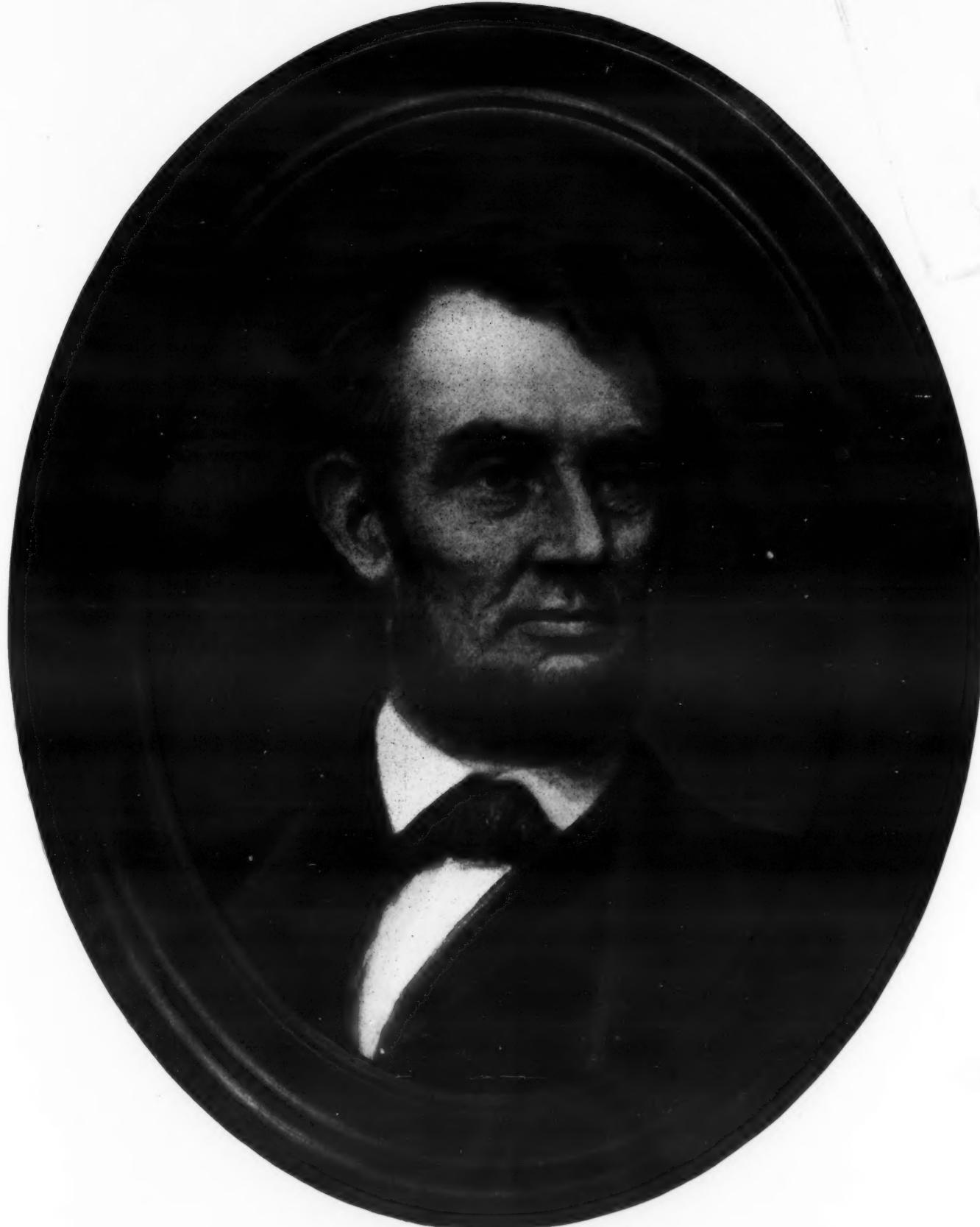


Collier's Lincoln Number, in Two Sections, Section One

Collier's

The National Weekly

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL

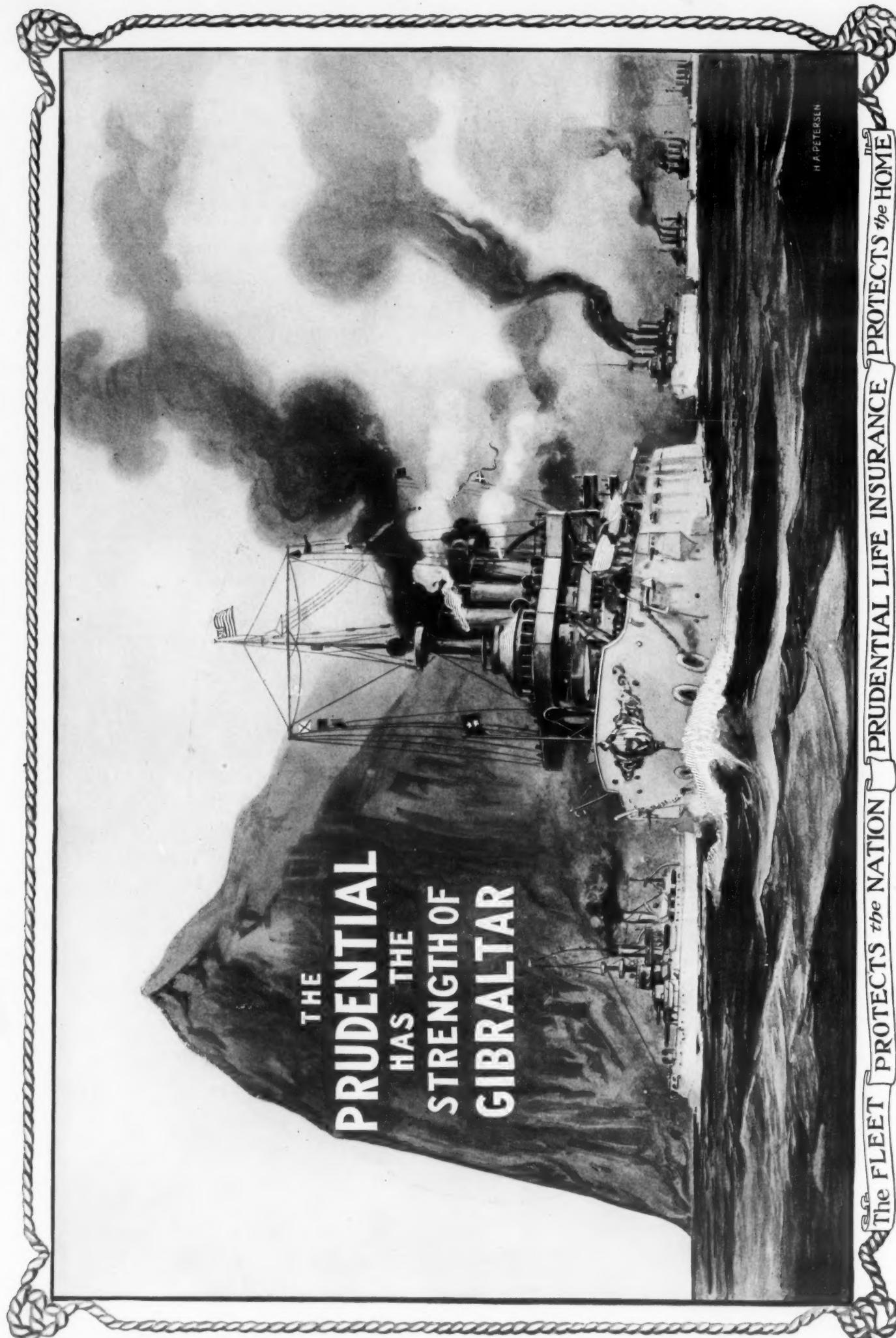


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1809 - 1909

VOL XLII NO 21

FEBRUARY 13 1909



The FLEET  PROTECTS the NATION  PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE  PROTECTS the HOME

Copyright, 1898, by The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

A copy of this inspiring picture in colors will be sent free if you will write, requesting it, to Dept. Y,
The Prudential Insurance Company of America. John F. Dryden, President. Home Office, Newark, N. J.
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

Do you realize the great and distinct advantages of the Franklin automobile?

The foundation Franklin principle is light weight—with strength and simplicity. The Franklin does not jar nor jolt the passengers. It does not strain and rack itself; it is not hard on tires. It is economical in every sense.

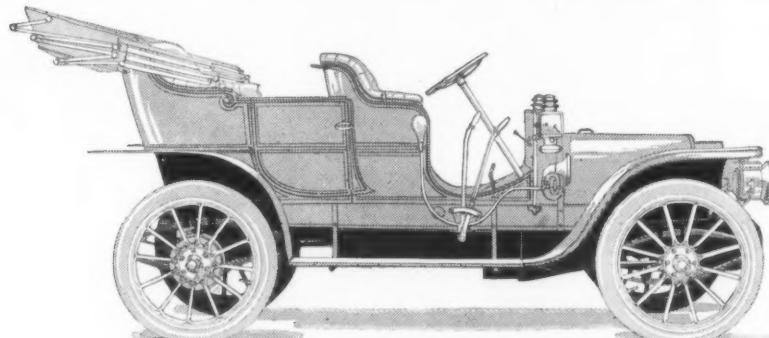
USELESS weight puts an unnecessary load on the power and on the tires. It is the weight of an automobile that wears out tires. Mr. M. A. Michelin, the French tire manufacturer, says that every five per cent. added to the weight of an automobile increases the tire wear fifteen per cent. This means that the water-cooled automobile with its extra apparatus and heavier construction, weighing, as it does, a third more than a Franklin of same ability, wears out tires twice as fast. Then the Franklin has large wheels and large tires—larger tires in proportion to weight than any other automobile. This makes the tires last still longer. The Franklin solves the tire problem.

THE Franklin motor, by means of an auxiliary cylinder-exhaust and sheet metal radiating flanges, is cooled by air without the use of water. This gets rid of weight and complications, and permits light and simple construction throughout. There is no plumbing—water jackets, radiator, water pump and the like.

The water-cooling system requires constant attention. And it may be put out of operation by leakage, boiling or freezing. This is liable to damage the cooling apparatus or the engine itself. The Franklin is not subject to any such danger. You can use the Franklin freely every day in any climate. There is nothing to fuss with nor worry over.

THE Franklin has full-elliptic springs, front and back, the only spring suspension that gives perfect riding qualities. The springs are so hung that they take up road shocks from every direction, not merely up and down like half-elliptic and other forms of spring suspension. The Franklin chassis frame is wood, laminated. This is lighter and stronger than the steel frame and, unlike steel, does not transmit shocks. The steel frame is stiff and hard riding. The Franklin rides easily and without jar and jolt. It is the most comfortable of all automobiles.

Weigh and examine different makes of automobiles. Ride in them. Then weigh and examine a Franklin. Ride in it over the same roads. You will realize the extremely practical character of these Franklin advantages as you can not in any other way.



FRANKLIN MODEL D TOURING CAR.
\$2,800, F. O. B. SYRACUSE. (TOP EXTRA.)

TOURING on American roads is a question of comfort. Without comfort you cannot make time—cannot enjoy yourself. The Franklin does not pound the roads. It takes rough and uneven places smoothly. The shocks from road inequalities are absorbed and neutralized by the full-elliptic springs and the non-jarring construction. The passengers are not jolted; the automobile is not racked and strained. This makes the Franklin able for hard service anywhere and gives it extreme durability.

THEN a light-weight automobile is easily managed. There is a sense of security; you feel that you can control it, and it does not tire you. It is quick to get away and quick to stop. It stays in the road.

The thousands of Franklins in daily use and the steady increase in sales during seven years are the best proofs of these Franklin advantages. The Franklin also has achieved unusual success in public contests. It holds the long distance record—that of fifteen days from San Francisco to New York and the record of forty hours from Chicago to New York. These are endurance and reliability tests of the severest character.

THE 1909 Franklins have won five consecutive perfect scores—in the Glidden tour, the Bretton Woods endurance run, the Chicago reliability contest, the Cleveland sealed bonnet run and the Worcester endurance test. The Franklin was the only automobile to go through more than two of these contests without penalization. In the Worcester test, among fourteen entrants—after a rigid examination following the run, the Franklin was awarded the only perfect score. The other entrants were penalized for broken, strained, bent or loosened parts.

Weigh and examine different makes of automobiles. Ride in them. Then weigh and examine a Franklin. Ride in it over the same roads. You will realize the extremely practical character of these Franklin advantages as you can not in any other way.

The ideal touring and family automobile

Model D, a five-passenger touring-car, is of such well-balanced proportions and ability that it is aptly termed the ideal of all automobiles. It most nearly fulfills universal requirements. Its compactness, its unusual ability, its handsome body, large wheels and the ease and grace with which it can be handled under all circumstances, place it in a class by itself. It has plenty of room without great bulk. And it gives the minimum tire and operating expense. It has thirty-six inch wheels, the same size as used on the average water-cooled automobile weighing a thousand pounds more. This is the fifth year of Model D. It is a tried and proven standard. The only way to fully realize Model D is to use it.

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The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 3, 7 Waverly Place, N. Y.

Collier's

Saturday, February 13, 1909



Abraham Lincoln. <i>Cover Design</i>	<i>Portrait by Daniel Huntington</i>
Reproduced by courtesy of the New York Chamber of Commerce	
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In War Time. <i>Story</i>	<i>Illustrated by Arthur William Brown</i>
Various Aspects of a Week's Events	<i>Photographs</i>
Many Phases of Human Activity.	<i>Photographs</i>
In the World's Workshop	<i>Waldo P. Warren</i>
Abraham Lincoln by Theodore Roosevelt	Section Two
Volume XLII	Number 21

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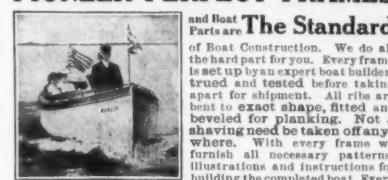
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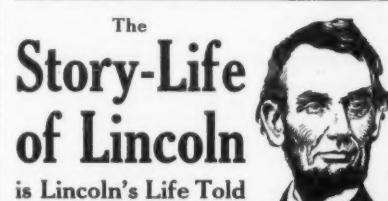
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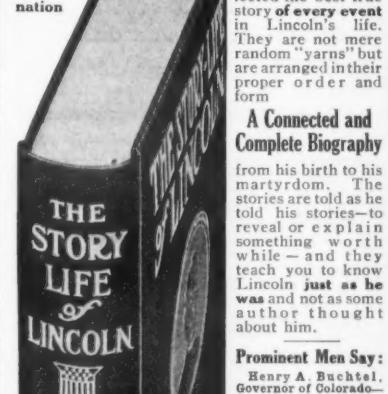
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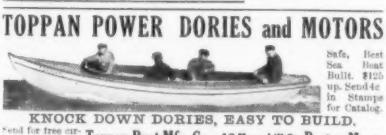
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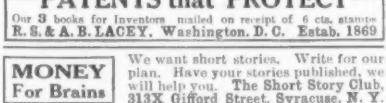
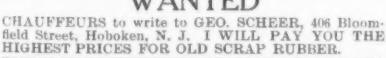
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Feb. 13

5



KNOCK DOWN DORIES, EASY TO BUILD. Send for free catalog and prices. Toppan Boat Mfg. Co., 12 Haverhill St., Boston, Mass.



IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, February 13, 1909



Inauguration Number

C The March 6 issue of Collier's will be the *Inauguration Number*. It will contain many features of unusual interest—articles, verse, pictures, and cartoons—concerning the outgoing and the incoming administrations.

"Outdoor America"

"A Magazine Within a Magazine"

C Once every month, beginning with the issue of March 13, Collier's will print a special section of eight pages, entitled "Outdoor America."

This department will be edited by Caspar Whitney, formerly editor of "Outing" magazine.

The idea back of "Outdoor America" will be to stimulate interest in outdoor things—to attract people away from the limited routine of indoor life into the great, beautiful, health-giving and character-building out-of-doors.

To this end the department will treat of various outdoor interests—unified with this constant purpose.

Mr. Whitney's page of comment, affording an unfolding interpretation of the uses of outdoor life, will be ably supplemented by prearranged contributions by writers who are most competent to direct interest into the various avenues of outdoor expression—country life, athletics, college sports, golf, tennis, and other games, where to go for vacations, riding, driving, automobiling, making over a country house and all this signifies, scientific agriculture, gardening, forestry, vacation travel, shooting, and fishing.

Another Gibson Picture

C The issue of February 20 will contain a double-page drawing by Charles Dana Gibson. It is one of his latest and happiest ideas—the rejuvenation of age by an awakened memory of boyhood activities, occasioned by the icy slide along the walk—a touch of nature that makes apparent the kinship of youth and age in winter sport. It also reveals the close relation between humor and sentiment.

March Fiction Number

C Collier's Fiction Number for March will be issued on February 27, and will contain three highly entertaining stories—"The Ladder," by Charles G. D. Roberts, "The Capture of the Emperor," by Molly Elliot Seawell, and "God's Puppets," by Charles Belmont Davis.

Not Kentucky, but Tennessee

C If Collier's had ever assumed the role of infallibility which some of our Southern readers seem disposed to ascribe to us, it would be a serious matter when we actually make a mistake in geography. But fortunately we are safely screened by the general admission of human frailty, and even the "brickbats" sometimes go over our head. In our issue of January 16, with the pictures of the trial of *Night Riders*, we had it *Union City, Kentucky*, when it should have been Tennessee. It is unfortunate to rob Tennessee of any portion of the credit due her for speedy action in dealing with her bad boys—but, anyhow, the term "Night Riders" makes one think of Kentucky rather than Tennessee, and on the map both States are pink.

Need an Engine?

Look into the record of the Ideal Engine. Write for long list of users. You must know a good many of them.

IDEAL ENGINE WORKS

(A. L. IDE & SONS, Proprietors)

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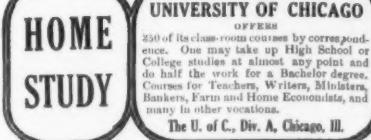
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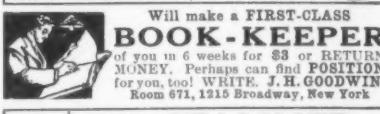
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Big Profits in Squabs

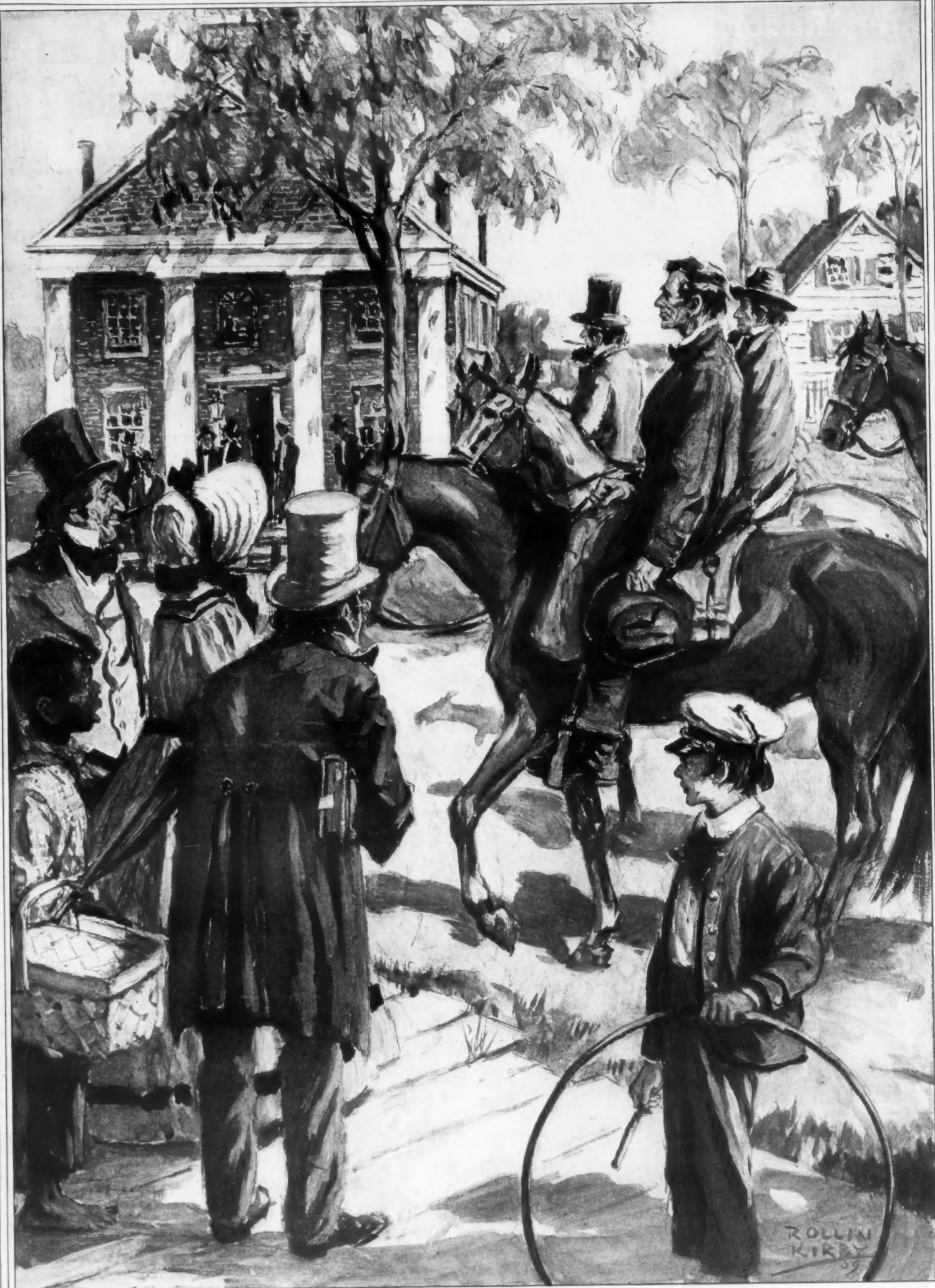
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Drawn by
ROLLIN KIRBY

Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON

Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street
New York

February 13, 1909

Lincoln

MAN IS A BREATH, and history a span; yet in our little universe of dream there are values infinitely real, and distinctions infinitely worth while. We Americans are occupied this week in celebrating one of those natures who have helped to confirm our beliefs; who have helped to build foundations, upon which future generations might take their stand, so laboring that existence might have more of brightness, of meaning, and of dignity. ABRAHAM LINCOLN lived and died, and into the vast mystery of the world there was injected, and remained, something that was noble and beyond denial. So to have lived and died that the world is distinctly richer by a goal made clear, a cause made eloquent—such is the most welcome destiny that can await any infant born into the light. On the rolls of fame is inscribed no name which stands more uncontroversially for justice, sympathy, and growth than the name of LINCOLN; none which from each succeeding year gains a permanence better earned. Ethically the world moves forward. The time is passing when the homage of mankind is the need of him who massacres most men. The time is coming when greatness will be difficult to imagine without goodness. It happens to be the fortunate experience of this country that those two men who have wielded the greatest power in her two most cruel crises, have been men in whom the moral element was as bright as sunlight and as true as the eternal hills.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN followed one beacon throughout his fifty-nine years upon this earth, and that beacon was the Truth. He was devoted to her; he trusted her, ever and entirely; she was his. He had no other mistress. Now it must needs be that the man of truth is a man also of sorrow. Sympathy, by the very structure of the word, means suffering, and sympathy is the only road to truth. LINCOLN suffered, but it was with the sorrow which none would yield for happiness. It was with the sorrow which contains in itself the entire galaxy of our mortal virtues—insight, and kindness, and wonder, and clear imagination. Sweetest among the beneficent goddesses who watch above us is this same fair-visaged daughter of the fact, this Sorrow, who takes all the spiritually great into her keeping, and who was seldom absent from ABRAHAM LINCOLN's side.

And now, friends, the best way to celebrate the 12th day of February is to make vivid to us what was noblest and most useful in the man whom we remember. Very young was he—the youngest in the Legislature of his State—when with one other man he took his political future in his hand and went on record, on the pressing question of the time, against all the other members of the Legislature, and against prejudices rampant in his State. Not so many years had passed when, as Congressman, again on the central issue of that time, he differed from his party, and to protesting friends asked if they would have him cast his

ballot for what he believed in his heart was not the truth. It was the same LINCOLN who, as a boy, quelled a fight by asking the redoubtable youth JACK ARMSTRONG to consider whether in his opponent's place he would not have taken exactly the stand for which he was preparing to punish his young opponent then. It was the same LINCOLN who, called to preside amid the great upheaval and clash of interest and passion, was not once blinded by rage or hatred, by narrowness or haste, but kept his heart as open to the South as to the North, and was able to see the right aspect of an imbroglio even when it lay with hostile Britain. These were all one man—one who reached out for the star-eyed goddess from his cradle, and followed her without question to the end.

What is to be the future of the land which gave LINCOLN birth, and to which he returned in such fulness the debt he owed? For a time after the mighty struggle it looked as if the tone of public and private life had sunk. No stirring moral and intellectual differences kept men keyed high in helpful strife. The manufacture and sale of material things, the development of physical resources and the rapid exploitation of them—these activities seemed untempered by unselfish principle, and the consequences were not good. The twenty-five years which followed the surrender at Appomattox Court House were not the most glorious period in our nation's history. Now, however, we have entered upon an era of higher purpose—an era, we make bold to think, which would have attracted ABRAHAM LINCOLN more.

Yes—LINCOLN would have been more at home in the American world of 1909 than in that of three decades ago. His was a universe not of brute things but of their essence. Poetry was the background of his thought; vision and high emotion lay behind accident and show. He understood not the spirit of mortal pride; all he understood was service. Could he look down upon his former dwelling-place he would behold the unceasing ebb and flow of justice and oppression, but he would behold also labor toward equality, increasing faith, a secular religion passing over the broad acres of the States. Many an earnest student has sought to spell from LINCOLN's words what was his inner conception of God, immortality, and the destiny of man. LINCOLN could not have told those thoughts himself. The envelope of the life he saw was mystery. He looked to the future as to a vast and trackless sea; but over that wilderness crowded constellations gave unremitting signals. Of these boundaries and misty dreams LINCOLN seldom spoke, save as of poetry, or as of symbols sanctioning the effort of man to choose the better part. What we do know of that lonely figure's thought sheds its light upon the here and now. It brings guidance into the labyrinth of every day. LINCOLN's country, therefore, now embarked in good faith upon the quest of right, draws encouragement from remembrance of her inspiring son. To him she turns when the clouds look dark above. Him she thanks when reflecting that man's hard fate yet is easier than it was. The reality of him appears in the constancy with which he seems present, and a help, in the progress which the world is making now.

Of LINCOLN's many qualities, each helped him on toward greatness, for each contributed to the rounded, understanding whole. His humor was not alien to his sympathy; his thoughtful idleness was cousin to his wisdom. Wit, however, and insight, logic, and alertness, all were in the service of one ruler; and that ruler we all know, though she be variously yept:

"Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe."

There was a time for lightness and a time for gravity; a time for whittling, and a time for labor: no time, ever, for indifference or untruth. Withdraw from LINCOLN those endowments which were apart from character and you have a man eminent, but by no means great: it was through the harmony of the intellect with his embracing heart that each year found his personality more supreme.

Therefore, children—also women and men—let us cease confusing a large topic with a multitude of words. The subject tempts. It has no boundaries. It arouses man's standards, aspirations, fears, and dreams. It has in it something of earth and air and sky. It stirs contemplation, kindles the affections, loosens the imagination. The memory of LINCOLN is now strong upon eighty millions of his countrymen like the warming presence of a noble friend.

Emergency Lights

ALL HONOR to the heroes of the *Republic* wreck, and thanksgiving that no more than half a dozen deaths resulted; but in the general jubilation let us not forget what might have happened, what surely will happen some day aboard ships which are not safeguarded against certain contingencies. All reports agree that the engine-room of the *Republic* filled up with the inrushing seas a few minutes after the collision, the electric-light plant of the ship coincidentally going out of commission, which means that several hundred staterooms, numerous passageways, every deck, every corner and area, the entire ship indeed, was plunged into darkness. Below and above in their rooms the bewildered passengers were trying to find a way out. A rare candle, a spluttering match here and there in trembling fingers—no more than that to point the way to the deck. The immense ship, chartered to carry two thousand human beings, was not provided with an emergency lighting system. In the event of her sinking before daylight the passengers would have stood small chance of finding their way to safety. A handy, active seafarer might have escaped, but not the average shore-going man or woman unpractised in sea adventure. Consider if that accident had happened in the early night, with eight or ten or twelve hours to daylight—how many would have broken under the strain of it?

Modest Worth

HEROISM is not less because it is never seen and never known. Many are the names which stand emblazoned in the recital of the sinking *Republic* and the ships which steamed to her succor. Hundreds of lives were saved by their wisdom and intrepidity. But there were others: unknown scores who played their little parts with an abandonment of self and a regard for others which can spring only from the roots of character. Calmness in demeanor, a kindly word in the ear of a sobbing child, the warm hand-clasp of encouragement—these are great acts at a time when the devils of panic and self-solicitude assail the heart. There were scores, forever hidden among crew and passengers, who "played up" in those awful hours. Their names will never be known. An aureole of nobility floats above them and their

"Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

On that morning, when terror curdled the blood in many a humble heart, the latent "milk of human kindness" still flowed free.

Jefferson and Roosevelt

FOR INTELLIGENT INTEREST in the Far West we think the present incumbent surpasses every President since JEFFERSON. This analogy may not please Mr. ROOSEVELT, who thinks indifferently of the father of the Democratic Party, but it will prove none too easy to controvert. The letters of JEFFERSON to JOHN JACOB ASTOR during the Astorian enterprise, and his many attempts to get an expedition off to the West even before the Lewis and Clark expedition set out, make him the father of the idea of expansion. To him must the credit go for opening the paths for the fur traders into the mountain country, and these in turn dragged the national interest behind them over the Oregon trail into the Northwest and California and the entire country west of the Continental Divide. The Seattle fair brings the opportunity of singing abroad JEFFERSON's fame as the great man of the Northwest movement, just as the St. Louis fair sang his fame in connection with the Louisiana Purchase. The Federalist Party was routed out of effective existence by JEFFERSON. ROOSEVELT has come near to putting the finishing touches to the Democratic Party's death. Both will stand as politicians seldom equaled in sagacity. JEFFERSON also named his successor, and after retirement he was a power behind the throne for many years.

California and the Orient

ONE MORE ANTI-JAPANESE FLURRY on the Pacific Coast is over. The demagogues of Sacramento, having put themselves on record for the benefit of their louder and more turbulent constituents, have accepted quite pleasantly the President's amendments. That this session will finish the agitation no one "on the inside" believes. Like the old anti-Chinese movement, still the tool of certain old-fashioned demagogues, it will keep up long after there is any good cause for it. And just at present there seems to be no more ultimate cause for general anti-Japanese legislation than for further restrictions on the entry of the Chinese. The Department of Commerce and Labor declares that the "gentlemen's agreement" between Japan and the United States is working perfectly. A careful tabulation of the entries and departure of the Japanese at all our ports shows that since July, 1908, the number of Japanese officially in this country has been steadily and increasingly diminishing. The departures exceeded the entries last year by about two thousand. There remains only the possibility of "leaks" on our borders. Since the Department of Commerce and Labor secured a revocation of the "transit" privilege—by which a Japanese, pretending to be traveling from Mexico to Canada, could drop off at Sacramento unmolested—the leakage has probably been very small. On the

northern border the Japanese have little inducement to enter the United States since the Japanese are in demand by the employers in British Columbia. The southern border is well guarded and patrolled. The California legislators deserve credit for their sober second thoughts about the Drew bill, and it is only fair to add that if at any time a reasonable measure is enacted, by which the end is attained without direct insult to Japan, no sensible student of our relations with the Japanese will take exception to it. The Japanese have set about getting land in California—set about it in unscrupulous ways. Were they an assimilable people, were it likely that their sons would marry our daughters and make a third generation of white Americans, this land purchase would be a movement worthy of encouragement. But the real kernel of the Japanese problem is the fact that neither party to the conflict wishes to intermarry with the other; and Japanese possession of California lands means ultimately handing over our domain to a people perpetually alien—the creation of another race problem where we have enough already.

Suffrage

AS A MATTER OF COURSE there is a difference of opinion about the facts in the four States where women vote. There is always a difference of opinion among intelligent observers on every conceivable subject. One correspondent writes to us from Utah and makes three points which are at least decidedly worth noting:

1. Election expenses have been increased by the fact that women vote. The increase is very largely in the cost of hiring carriages to take voters to the polls and to the registry booths. Many automobiles have been used in addition to the carriages. Maneuvering to corner the available supply of such vehicles is a regular tactical move of county chairmen. If one succeeds in cornering them, he feels that he has the election more than half won. It would seem as if this difficulty might very easily be met by a law forbidding political parties to haul voters either on election day or on registry day.

2. By the voting of the women the influence of the church on politics has been increased.

3. In the old days a county chairman who could command the services of a spellbinder of national reputation thought his troubles were to a large extent solved, provided he could secure a hall sufficiently large. Now he must take into consideration that, however fine his showing in rallies, it is likely that a balance of power remains in the homes, and the house-to-house canvass is the result.

Other men and women in the suffrage States would make other observations, but these, at least, bear marks of clear thinking.

The Lady and the Truth

FROM OVER THE SEAS there comes an apostle to bid us beware of animal experimentation. Her name is L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY. A native of Sweden, she has been touring and crusading over England for the last eight years. When she crossed to England she was a confirmed "antivivisectionist." She entered the London University College physiological laboratories for the purpose of assisting her propaganda. By a copious use of the imagination, she and a friend constructed a book called "The Shambles of Science," in which she described "struggling cats," "escaping dogs," and sentient frogs. It was brisk reading, done in a Hall Caine-Marie Corelli style. Its one fault was its untruth. To quote from it became an expensive luxury. An excellent man, named STEPHEN COLERIDGE, blandly repeated some of the Swedish lady's statements concerning Dr. BAYLISS. That indiscretion cost COLERIDGE slightly more than five thousand pounds—two thousand pounds for damages and over three thousand pounds for the costs of the trial—twenty-five thousand dollars altogether for his trusting nature. He would have had more fun if he had put the money in a motor-car. The next step in the career of L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY was when the publisher of her "Shambles" issued the following statement:

"I, the undersigned, ERNEST BELL, of 5 York Street, Covent Garden, London, the printer and publisher of a book entitled 'The Shambles of Science,' the authors of which are LIZZY LIND-AF-HAGEBY and LEISA K. SCHARTAU, and which book contains therein certain matter libelous upon Dr. BAYLISS, hereby acknowledge that I have given instructions for the withdrawal from circulation of all copies of such book, and hereby undertake that no further copies of such book shall be printed or published by me: that the circulation of such book shall cease . . . and I hereby express to Dr. BAYLISS my sincere regret for having printed and published the book in question."

Nothing quenches the enthusiasm of this Swedish champion. She says:

"I object to vaccination, for the sake of the infant and of the calf."

She is opposed to antitoxin, and states that she prefers human vivisection to animal experimentation. In a revel of rhetoric she describes experimenters as:

"Artists in the black art of producing the utmost agony, while the gateways through which death could enter are carefully watched."

It will be noted that the experimenters have caught the trick of conferring immortality. A word in closing to her American friends. Banquets for the beautiful lady are all right. Throw open the platforms for her. But don't repeat her statements where people can hear you. Save your money: you may need it.

Encouragement

SOME THINGS REALLY HELP to make us happy. In a world of strife and some discouragement a strong word from a man who ought to know not infrequently actually adds to zest and hopefulness. The sentences which follow are from a private letter written to us by the president of a large university:

"Our men regard COLLIER'S as another university preacher. One might have feared fifteen years ago that the American university faculty was coming to be so interested in learning that it had no great amount of energy left for interest in social betterment. At present, however, one finds the white heat of demand for a better moral life nowhere more than among university men. These men as a rule look upon COLLIER'S as an important factor in the line of battle for the establishment of justice."

Regarding the extent to which these words are deserved, there may well be differences of opinion. At any rate, they help us to approach our task with increased courage and perhaps to carry it on with increased efficiency.

February 14

VALENTINE'S DAY! What a genuine charm it has. We yield the floor momentarily to one of the most graceful of English essayists:

"This is the day on which those charming little missives, yclept valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-for-spent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own."

It is not altogether easy to see why the privilege of the day's title should have fallen upon that poor bishop of Rome who was beaten to death nearly eighteen centuries ago. Small honor was his during his life. Yet now, as Elia goes on to remark:

"Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves. . . . Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy preceptors, and instead of the crozier the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

The day's symbols have become fixed: the dove, the arrow, and the heart. Valentines rarely stoop to art. The bleeding heart is transfix'd by an arrow more nearly resembling a weathervane. A past generation exchanged many a scene in which there sits on a rustic bench a pink lady clad in something like a riding-habit, while over the back of the seat leans a gorgeously clad gallant; in the background a little chapel looks its modest hint. Such a valentine was sent in a spirit of whole-hearted devotion. The satirical comic valentine is a modern departure, and a poor one. The true keynote of February 14 is sounded in that immortal document which Sam Weller laboriously drew:

"Lovely creetur, [he wrote] Afore I see you I thought all women was alike, but now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you. . . . Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine."

The qualities of this missive favorably impressed Weller, Senior, and indeed it has a finality which makes it a masterpiece in the literature of valentines.

Where Are the Freaks?

THE HUMAN PINCUSHION was but yesterday an indispensable member of every well-regulated Dime Museum family. He used to sit selling his photographs between the Snake Charmer and the Strong Man. Nowadays his clan is dwindling. Disappearing also is the Tattooed Man. Runs the ditty:

"You can beat a tattoo,
But you can't beat a Tattooed Man!"

Subsiding in glory is that noble specimen of human tapestry, his person craftily embellished for the youthful eye with daggers, anchors, serpents, and even a duel. Where has he gone? Has he forsaken triumphs and purple tights to mingle forlornly with his kind, as floor-walker or life-insurance agent? Almost extinct, too, is the India-Rubber Man. Once his resilient integument enthralled hundreds; to-day he runs a trolley-car in Rahway or Danville. The Fat Lady from her dais no longer sheds abroad her changeless, all-embracing smile. The Living Skeleton no longer shivers beside her. Jo-Jo, the Dog-faced Boy, is amid the vanishing cavalcade. Occasionally a few from all these are to be seen in rural fastnesses, but as a metropolitan congress they have joined the panorama and the horse-car. The "Professor" who "lectured" on them has grown silent before the patter of the glib vaudevillian and the whir of the moving-picture film. Death can not yet have claimed them, but they are gone. Where are the freaks of yesteryear?

"The Melting Pot"

MR. ZANGWILL'S PLAY, "The Melting Pot," has a merit unusual in successful drama of our day—eloquence, born of spiritual intensity. The theme, large and noble, is treated with a talent sufficient to give voice to deep conviction. One comes from it a better patriot, a better citizen of the world, a kindlier and more hopeful being. That it is so well acted is a blessing, for the higher order of drama is dependent for its effect upon much better training and intelligence in the actors than are called for by the ordinary farces and melodramas of commerce. We beg leave to congratulate the managers, the author, and the company upon the pleasure given by a play which has at once vital meaning and practical success.

We Talked of Lincoln

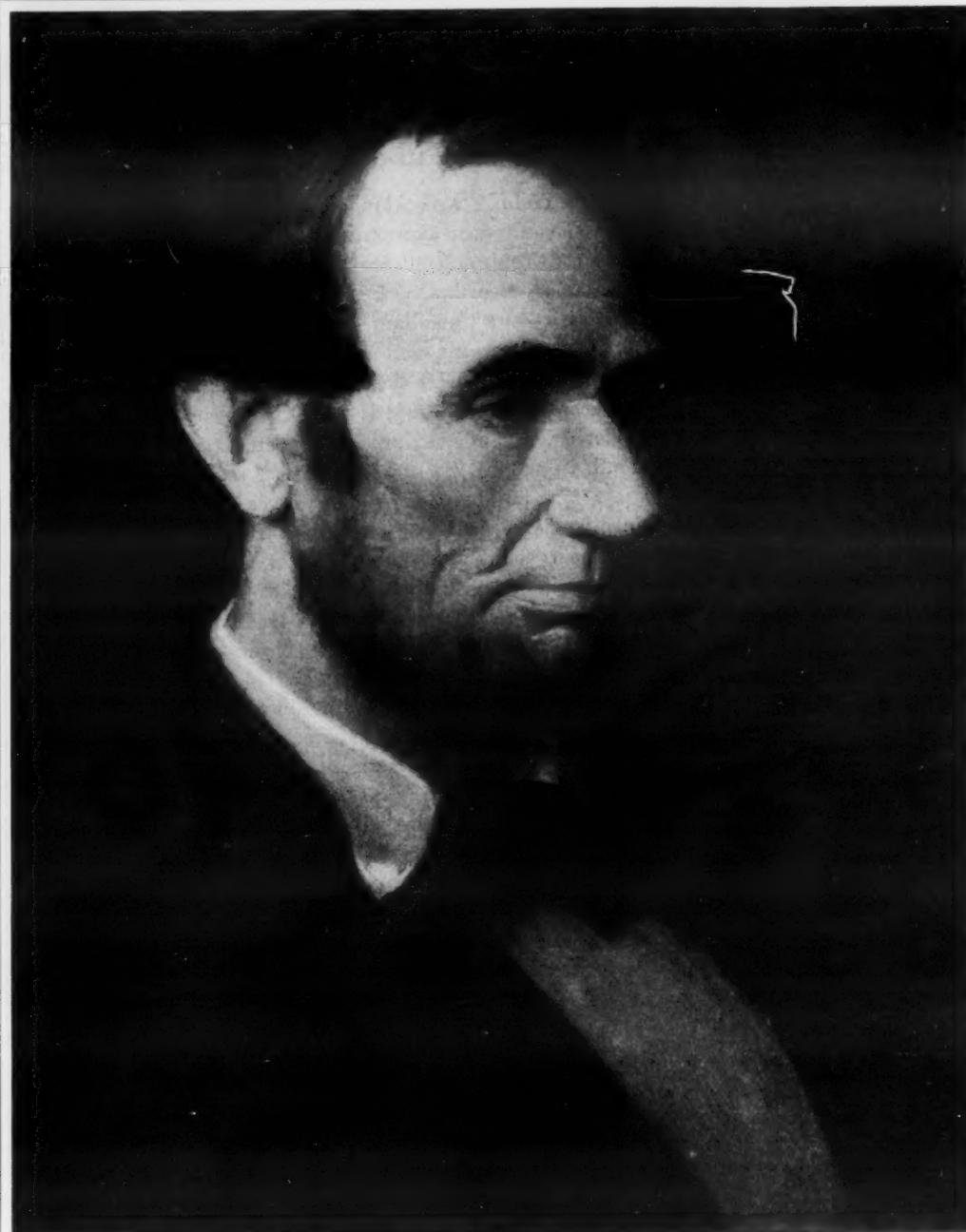
By**EDWARD W. THOMSON**

WE TALKED of Abraham Lincoln in the night, Ten fur-coat men on North Saskatchewan's plain (Pure zero cold, and all the prairie white), Englishman, Scotchman, Scandinavian, Dane, Two Irish, four Canadians,—all for gain Of food and raiment, children, parents, wives, Living the hardest life that Man survives, And secret proud because it was so hard Exploring, camping, axing, faring lean. Month in and out no creature had we seen Except our burdened dogs, gaunt foxes gray, Hard-feathered grouse that shot would seldom slay, Slinking coyotes, plumy-trailing owls, Stark Indians warm in rabbit-blanket cowls, And, still as shadows in their deep-tracked yard, The dun, vague moose we startled from our way.

WE TALKED of Abraham Lincoln in the night Around our fire of tamarack crackling fierce, Yet dim, like moon and stars, in that vast light Boreal, bannery, shifting quick to pierce Ethereal blanks of Space with falchion streams Transfigured wondrous into quivering beams From Forms enormous marching through the sky To dissolution and new majesty. And speech was low around our bivouac fire, Since in our inmost heart of hearts there grew The sense of mortal feebleness, to see Those silent miracles of Might on high Seemingly done for only such as we In sign how nearer Death and Doom we drew, While in the ancient tribal-soul we knew Our old hard-faring Father Vikings' dreams Of Odin at Valhalla's open door, Where they might see the Battle-father's face Glowing at last, when Life and Toil were o'er, Were they but stanch-enduring in their place.

WE TALKED of Abraham Lincoln in the night— Oh sweet and strange to hear the hard-hand men Old-Abeing him, like half the world of yore In years when Grant's and Lee's young soldiers bore Rifle and steel, and proved that heroes live Where folk their lives to Labor mostly give. And strange and sweet to hear their voices call Him "Father Abraham," though no man of all Was born within the Nation of his birth. It was as if they felt that all on Earth Possess of right Earth's greatest Common Man, Her sanest, wisest, simplest, steadiest son, To whom The Father's children all were one, And Pomps and Vanities as motes that danced In the clear sunshine where his humor glanced.

WE TALKED of Abraham Lincoln in the night Until one spoke: "We yet may see his face," Whereon the fire crackled loud through space Of human silence, while eyes reverent Toward the auroral miracle were bent, Till from that trancing Glory spirits came Within our semicircle round the flame, And drew us closer-ringed, until we could Feel the kind touch of vital brotherhood Which Father Abraham Lincoln thought so good.



Abraham Lincoln, from a new portrait by Douglas Volk, here published for the first time

The Lincoln Centennial

Was Recognized and Observed in Every State, by Every Governor, and by Practically Every City's Mayor. It was the Occasion of Camp-fires, Mass-meetings, Church Services, School Exercises, and of the Establishment of Many Permanent Memorials

THE centennial celebration of Abraham Lincoln's birth, on February 12, was not confined to the ceremonies held at the birthplace farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, where the President of the United States participated. It has erased all sectional lines. It belonged to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South. The old Mason and Dixon's line was obliterated in the expression of a new national sentiment: a love for the memory of him who to-day may with perfect truth be called a world-hero.

February 12, 1909, was a national holiday. It was observed by the school children in every State in the Union; and Confederate veterans united with those who wore the blue to do honor to him who saved the flag that now embraces former foes as common countrymen.

The Grand Army of the Republic issued a special order calling upon every post to appropriately celebrate the day, either in cooperation with some other organization or independently. Their camp-fires burned everywhere. The Governor of every State in the Union appointed a special Lincoln Centennial Committee to represent each State respectively in the national celebration that took

place at Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky and to foster local celebration in every city, village, and community within its commonwealth confines.

The national thought was, of course, focused upon Lincoln's birthplace itself, which was the cause of the day's commemoration. On that rude little farm of 110 acres, which three years ago was rescued by The Lincoln Farm Association from a state of sad neglect, has been laid the foundation for a stately memorial that shall house and protect from the devastations of storm and wind and summer sun, for all time to come, the rude little log-cabin home whence Lincoln came. On that foundation President Roosevelt laid the cornerstone and delivered his centennial address. Hon. Joseph W. Folk, former Governor of Missouri and President of The Lincoln Farm Association, spoke of the work and significance of the Association, which has inspired this worthy national recognition of the first home of our country's truest patriot. The Hon. Augustus E. Willson, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, spoke of Lincoln's first neighbors and of his native State; and for the two contending armies that represented Lincoln's divided people, General Luke E. Wright, the United States Secretary of War, spoke on behalf of the Confederates, and General James Grant Wilson of New York, a friend of the martyred President, spoke for the Federal soldiers.

In the studio of Mr. Adolph Alexander Weinman, in New York City, there is now nearing completion a noble statue of Lincoln, soon to be unveiled in the court-house square of Hodgenville, Lincoln's native town; this the outgrowth of appropriations made for the purpose by the Legislature of the State of Kentucky and the Congress of the United States.

Lincoln's native State is by no means indifferent to the fame of her greatest son. A modern automobile road, connecting Louisville with the farm, and to be known as the Lincoln Pike, is to be constructed by popular subscription and by the appropriations of fiscal courts. Governor Willson appointed a general State committee of one hundred foremost Kentuckians to arrange for the many Lincoln centennial exercises throughout the State, and to provide, so far as possible, comfort and accommodation for the many visitors who on the centennial day visited the birthplace farm. To more effectually assist Kentucky's interest in this centennial, this State general committee appointed county committees to cooperate with the people in the smaller local celebrations.

In Illinois much was done in Springfield, where Lincoln for so many years was widely known as a friend and neighbor. Here Ambassador Bryce, Senator Doliver of Iowa, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, and Senator Cullom spoke. The city committee cooperated with the public-school children in several large public gatherings.

Make a Lincoln Week

IN CHICAGO plans for the observances resolved themselves into elaborate though largely educational forms. The Mayor of the city named a central committee of one hundred to formulate the plans which have expanded into a "Lincoln Week," with prayers and sermons in churches, addresses in many meetings, illustrated lectures in the public schools, receptions and banquets and calico dances, readings from Lincoln's great state papers, and memorial addresses. Outdoor demonstrations in the form of great parades and amphitheater meetings were part of the Chicago committee's program. Among the orators who spoke at the principal gatherings were President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, Dr. Edwin Erle Sparks, and Rabbi Hirsch. The Chicago Association of Commerce raised more than forty thousand dollars to cover the expenses of this significant educational and patriotic week. In addition to this, a movement has been set on foot in Chicago to raise a million-dollar building in the form of a great public auditorium which shall bear the name of Lincoln. The permanent value of such an institution to the city will, of course, rest entirely with the character of the citizens to whom its administration is entrusted.

At Peoria a most pretentious program was arranged, in which participated Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, Governor Swanson of Virginia, ex-Governor Guild of Massachusetts, and ex-Governor Magoon of Cuba. So much was planned for Streator, Illinois, that one of its leading citizens declared before the eventful day: "We need not say that any sort of side attraction will be tolerated, for there will be speechmaking and singing, by local and foreign talent, almost from sunrise to long after sunset, and our people shall think of nothing but our Lincoln." And that which was true of Streator was also true of every city and of every section in Lincoln's own home State.

In New York the Mayor of the city appointed a committee of one hundred, headed by the dean of the American Bar, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former United States Ambassador to England and director of The Lincoln Farm Association, and the venerable John Bigelow, Lincoln's Ambassador to France. Under the guidance of this committee, exercises were held, not only in the schools, but in all the principal armories of the city, as well as in practically all the churches; and a group of distinguished speakers, headed by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, addressed the all too limited audience that could gain admission into Cooper Union hall, where Lincoln, nearly half a century ago, brought the great seaport city to a realization of his greatness and of the national work he had to do. For more than two weeks the College of the City of New York has opened to the public, in its museum, the greatest loan exhibit of portraits and memorials that has ever anywhere illustrated the life of Lincoln. In Buffalo Mayor Adam, following the pattern of other cities, named a centennial committee of one hundred, as did the Mayors of Boston, Rochester, Syracuse, Providence, and other Eastern towns. In New York City, perhaps, nothing was more prophetic than the Lincoln Centennial plans arranged by the Young Men's Lincoln Club of Five Points, which famous section of the city Lincoln visited when he made his famous Cooper Union speech. The young men of this club are almost without exception foreign-born, but with the motto, "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," they take up the battle of American citizenship as Lincoln has taught them, and in their new and more privileged land try to emulate their hero.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Vice-President Fairbanks was the principal speaker at a huge public mass-meeting.

In Indiana a movement of tender sentiment was inaugurated by the State Legislature, which appropriated \$10,000 to provide for the proper marking, decoration, and permanent care of the grave of Lincoln's mother. Throughout the State exercises were held in all the colleges and schools in keeping with this generous and appreciative spirit.

In Wisconsin a big afternoon mass-meeting was held in Janesville, at which Chicago's distinguished barrister, George R. Peck, delivered the principal address. In Milwaukee there were also mass-meetings and banquets, the schools joining with the G. A. R. At Madison the State University, with its 5,000 students, united with the city in a celebration, addressed by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, at which the Thomas Brittingham gift to the university of a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln was first publicly announced.

In many of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States, Mayors and Governors issued the picturesque proclamation calling upon all business and all wheels of industry to stop abruptly for five minutes at high noon on February 12, that the centennial anniversary of the birth of Lincoln might be properly impressed upon the minds of the people.

From Birmingham, Alabama; from Fayetteville and Fort Smith, Arkansas; from Savannah, Georgia; from Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee, and many of the cities in South Carolina and Virginia, reports came of special and elaborate programs given by the public schools in the South. New Orleans took a two days' holiday. At Knoxville, Tennessee, the fullest cooperation was extended to the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, which has received a large endowment by popular subscription from all parts of the country, the contributors thus expressing their interest in the mountain people from whom Lincoln came.

The cradle home of such a man is too priceless a part of the world's archives to be allowed to crumble away through thoughtless and inconsiderate neglect. As an object-lesson of what man has done and what man may do, is it not worth our while tenderly to care for and protect the few crude logs that have such vital national associations?

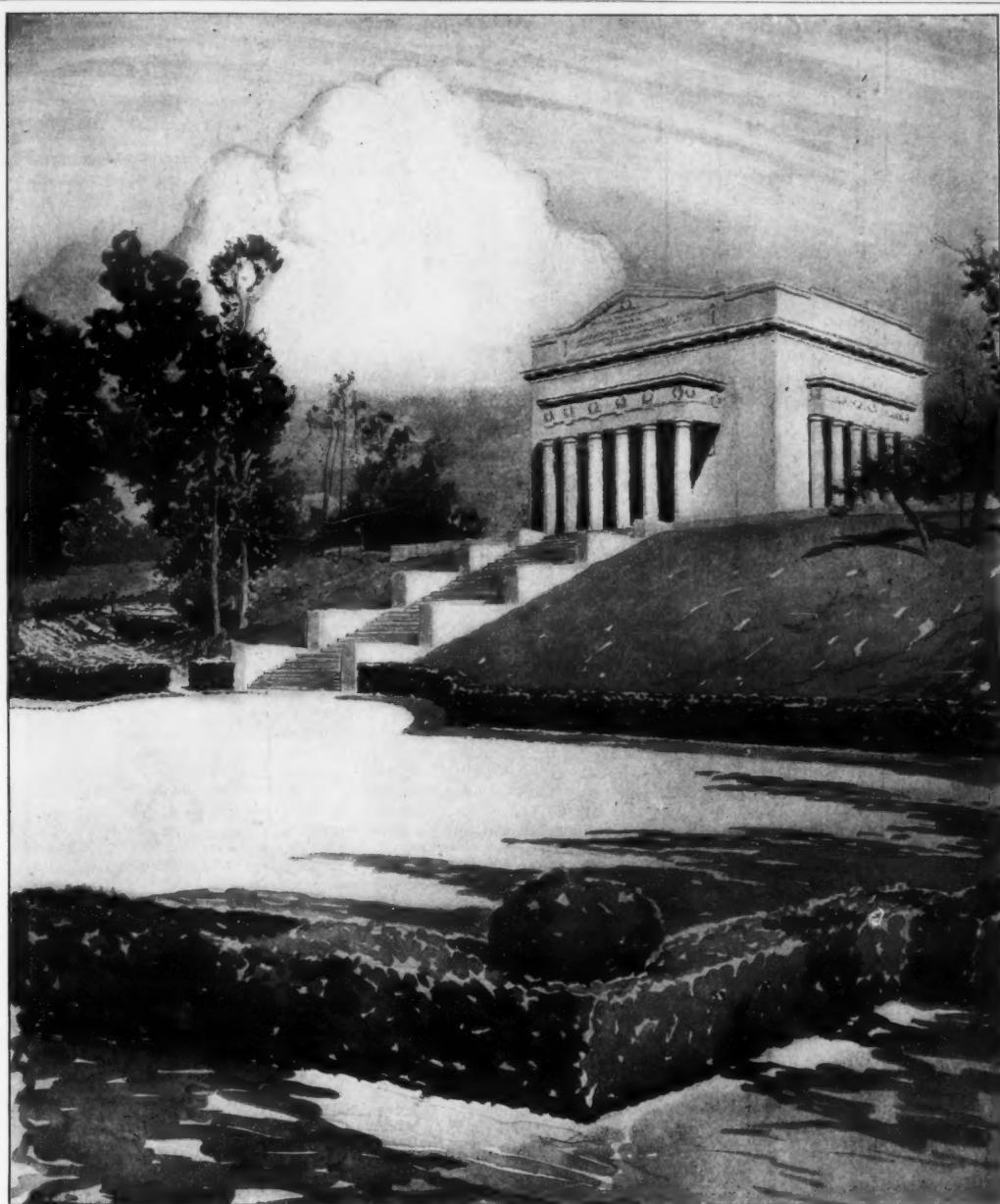
President Taft to Dedicate Farm

THAT this nation might not be deprived of this inspiration to coming generations, The Lincoln Farm Association assumed three years ago the pleasant but by no means meager task of preserving the cabin logs. The wisdom that doubted the national significance and the intrinsic worth of this enterprise has faded away before the accumulating faith which the American people have demonstrated in the cause of conserving this little log cabin. More than one hundred thousand citizens of Lincoln's country have contributed an aggregate of over a hundred thousand dollars that his first home might not perish from the earth and that the sod on which his feet first trod might not longer be left in neglect.

The success of the work of The Lincoln Farm Association is assured, but the task is by no means completed. The building which will protect this cabin home, the corner-stone of which President Roosevelt laid yesterday, will be completed, it is hoped, in the early autumn, and dedicated twelve months hence to the nation by President Taft.

The task that confronts The Lincoln Farm Association at this time is to raise, by popular subscription, the last fifty thousand dollars necessary for the construction of the memorial building. The object and the full history of the Association will be sent to any reader on application to *COLLIER'S* or to the offices of The Lincoln Farm Association. Club subscription blanks will also be provided by writing to either of these offices.

A certificate of membership is sent to every one who contributes to the memorial twenty-five cents or more. The names of contributors are classified geographically in a cabinet case card-index, which, when completed, will find permanent place in the memorial building on the Lincoln birthplace farm. This list, together with the general reports and history of the Association, will be accessible to members at all times through the superintendent, who will reside on the farm. Those who have not already contributed to Lincoln's memory and have not yet enrolled their names as members of this patriotic Association should now make their contribution to the memory of Lincoln by sending their gift, with full name and post-office address, to Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, treasurer of The Lincoln Farm Association, at 74 Broadway, New York City, bearing in mind that in doing so their gift to Lincoln's memory is a gift to the nation. On the receipt of your contribution, your certificate of membership, beautifully engraved and autographed by all the directors and officers of the Association, will be promptly sent to you in a secure tube to protect it.



The Memorial Building to be Erected on the Lincoln Farm

The corner-stone of this edifice was laid by the President, February 12, on the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. It will be completed within a year, and dedicated by Mr. Taft twelve months hence. The log cabin in which Lincoln was born, and which originally stood on the very spot where the Memorial is now being erected, will be housed within these granite walls, to be kept for all time as a national relic.



Mr. Adolph Alexander Weinman at work in his New York studio on his statue of Lincoln



LINCOLN

DOUGLAS

Following His Footprints

Illinois Again Goes Over the Great Debate Circuit

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Illustrated by JOHN SLOAN

THE national observance of the Lincoln Centennial had its beginning last summer when Illinois celebrated the semicentennial of the great Lincoln and

Douglas debates. For eight weeks Lincoln's own State-folks followed the roads over which he led them fifty years before when he stepped from State fame into that national fame that seven years later left him the savior of a race and the hero of civilization.

During the five years following March, 1849, when Lincoln ended his first term in Congress, he gave his law practise exclusive attention and gradually lost interest in politics. In May, 1854, the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, fathered by Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, with its repeal of the Missouri Compromise, stirred his patriotism, and all the artillery of his commanding conscience opened fire. He took to the stump. Earnest argument took the place of his former ready wit and broad humor. His neighbors were now confronted by a serious man.

Lincoln ignored all other national policies, local issues, and personalities. He riveted upon the people of Illinois the vital questions involved in the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and when the senior Senator of Illinois came home to be returned to the Senate he faced his final fight.

In those days no State fair was complete without its political tournament. Douglas made a speech the first day of the fair, to which Lincoln replied on the next, and Douglas made rejoinder. By agreement they met a few days later at Peoria. Thus were the issues joined.

Two years later, at Bloomington, Illinois, when the Republican Party was organized, Lincoln made an impassioned speech which fixed once for all his position as leader of the anti-slavery sentiment in the West. In June, 1857, Senator Douglas spoke at Springfield on the Kansas and Dred Scott decisions. Two weeks later Lincoln, in the same town, made reply. As the campaign of 1858 approached, in which the successor to Senator Douglas was to be elected, these two great protagonists were without rivals in their parties. Douglas, with an elegant air of superiority, assumed the offensive and spoke at Chicago, Bloomington, and Springfield in quick succession. Lincoln followed. Douglas employed all the sentimental and sensational methods of oratory, all the elusive strategy in argumentation that he could command. Lincoln checkmated this by challenging him to open debate. Douglas could not decline, though he did not accept until all the terms conceded every possible advantage to him. The two men were to meet at one place in each of seven Congressional districts. Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and Alton were the towns selected.

The State was now alive. Illinois had watched her Senatorial candidates skirmish at long range. Now the battle was on. To the disciples of Douglas, who loved him as the "Little Giant," the outcome was not in doubt. He had won a national reputation as the peer of the ablest in the Senate. "He can chaw up Abe Lincoln or anybody like him," was their declaration in the streets. Lincoln's friends were, at first, less con-

fident, but not less loyal. The day before the 21st of August, 1858, the whole State seemed to have taken to the broad, straight prairie highways leading to Ottawa, the Supreme Court town, where the first debates were to be held. They came by stage, by rail, by wagon, spring buggies, old iron-tires; on horseback—one, two, and three astride—and afoot—greased-booted, rusty-booted, red topped-copper toed, and barefooted. But they came. They came in prairie schooners, beds, stores, kettles, and all. They came from north and south, from east and west—from every corner of the State. Some were days in coming, but the longest stretches in Illinois were not too long for these earnest Illinoisans. The future of their nation was theirs to make or mar. The summer sun was hot, the roads were dusty, but the calico pony, bearing the shoeless, sockless children, trailed after the ox-drawn schooner, whose improvised stovepipe pierced the canvas cover with no air of certainty as it bumped over the ill-made roads.

An Unarmed Army

OTTAWA'S hospitality exceeded itself, but long before the vanguard of the unmarshaled army had lined up its irregular elements of infantry, cavalry, and artillery every possible accommodation was exhausted. The court-house green became a huge mattress on which common patriots slept. Meals were cooked on the camp-fires that lined the curbstones, and the good-natured overflow hauled up in the town's open lots—and out beyond in the country's open fields. When the sun rose on that day of debate it might have seemed to one who could have surveyed it all that half the horses of Illinois were grazing around the tethers that encircled the La Salle County-seat. The smoke from the breakfast fires mingled with the clouds of dust that heralded the approach of still more long processions of prairie men. In the town the fakers outnumbered many times the established shops, and entered into a most lively competition with established trade.

Partizan parades, with varied uniforms and no uniforms at all, threaded their way through the crowded thoroughfares, displaying crudely contrived banners, expressing such sentiments as: "Edgar County for the Tall Sucker"; "Hurrah for the Little Giant"; "Lincoln the Giant-Killer"; "No More Slave Territory"; "Lincoln and Free Kansas," etc., while rival bands tried to outbrass each other in a confusion of discordant noises.

At half past two that famous Saturday afternoon the confident, self-possessed, and immaculate Little Giant stepped before a multitude that stretched not only beyond the reach of voice but around the buildings out of the range of vision. A distinguished group of citizens occupied the platform. No time was lost in formalities. From the outset all local issues and purely

personal differences were overshadowed. This was serious business. Ridiculing his adversary's political pretensions until Lincoln's friends, watching their hero's careworn face, began to fear that more courage than wisdom had been displayed in courting comparison with this brilliant rival, Douglas hurled defiance at the "Black Republicans" by saying: "In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, Lincoln said: 'A House divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half Slave and half Free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful for all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South!'"

Such vocal emphasis had been given this excerpt that the disturbing mutterings on the crowd's outskirts had been hushed. But a moment; and then went up a swelling shout and cheer. An approbation sent forth by ten thousand lusty lungs that echoed to the shores of the continent; that lasted for seven long years, and that buoyed the spirits of battle-worn soldiers through four years of awful war.

"I am delighted to hear you 'Black Republicans,'" roared the Little Giant, and in that savage display of anger the elegant, self-possessed Douglas laid down the battle, then barely begun.

When Lincoln rose those who had come to hear his pungent anecdotes were as disappointed as those who had hoped for academic oratory. He appeared embarrassed. His opening sentences were commonplace. He hesitated, seeming to grope for words. His voice was high and sharp. Presently his gestures grew freer, his voice gained in volume and lost its rasping tone. His eyes brightened; his face became animated. He had no trick of declamation; but he had something to say. His followers grew confident, his opponents expectant. Respectful silence spread throughout the great court-house square. His direct logic, his clear analysis and intelligent argument left Douglas in his reply to struggle hopelessly to regain his lost advantage. Five thousand men crowded to carry the Little Giant's big opponent off the platform at the close.

Six days later, by agreement, the contest was resumed at Freeport, some seventy miles away. It now was evident that none who had gone to Ottawa that hot summer's day proposed to miss the sequel of that first battle. The trail to Freeport was taken up. Countrymen along the line of march joined that strange and prophetic parade. At Freeport before a mighty audience Douglas was forced to answer the question which split the Democracy, estranged him from his party, and shattered all his presidential hopes.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before they met again, on September 15, at Jonesboro, at the extreme south of the State. This jump of over three hundred miles was more than even prairie-schooner patriots could cope with, though there were many who trailed the length of that long State in cabooses, and some even who walked. Douglas and his friends came in on his flag-decorated special, but when three days later he

(Continued on page 26)



The Sad Humorist

*Anecdotes That Illustrate the Man Whose
Enemies Loved Him*

Illustrated by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

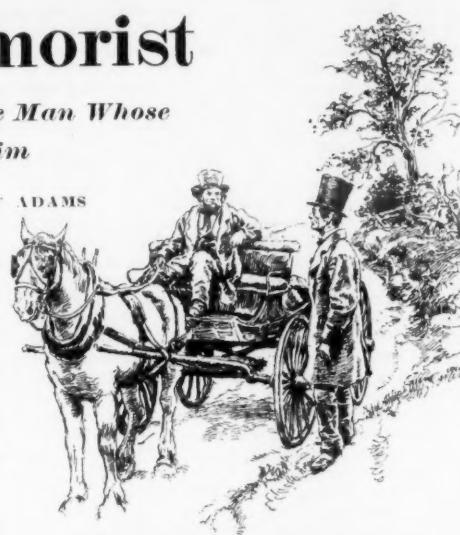
HE American nation has produced many great men. Self-made men. Men schooled in pioneer hardships and whose biographers, friends, and disciples love to recount the struggles of frontier log-cabin days. Men who have achieved distinction in arts and letters, in science, in jurisprudence, statesmanship, and men who have distinguished themselves for their valor on the field of battle in their country's service. Men who were loved and hated by great political parties because of their dominant strength. But out of all these no name has become so universally accepted as that of Abraham Lincoln. All parties claim him, all sections honor him, and all advocates seek to find in his life and character that which will justify and support their contentions or their claims.

Many who were of Lincoln's own generation have been unable to make explanation of the extraordinary diversities of his nature. An old conductor on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, now spending his comfortable retirement in Connecticut, in relating to Mr. E. J. Edwards his experiences of his old Illinois run, has well exhibited Lincoln the man, who was neighborly, intimate, and yet always superior in some indescribable way to the other great men who were around him. This conductor often had Lincoln as a passenger on his run. Other distinguished passengers were Stephen A. Douglas, Lyman Trumbull, Norman Judd, David Davis, and other brilliant Westerners of that day. "Lincoln," says this trainman, "was the most folksy of any of them. He put on no airs. He did not hold himself distant from any man. But there was something about him which we plain people couldn't explain that made us stand a little in awe of him. I now know what it was, but didn't then. It was

because he was a greater man than any other one we had ever seen. You could get near him in a sort of neighborly way, as though you had always known him, but there was something tremendous between you and him all the time. I have eaten with him many times at the railroad eating houses, and you get very neighborly if you eat together in a railroad restaurant, at least we did in those days. Everybody tried to get as near Lincoln as possible when he was eating, because he was such good company, but we always looked at him with a kind of wonder. We couldn't exactly make him out. Sometimes I would see what looked like dreadful loneliness in his look, and I used to wonder what he was thinking about. Whatever it was he was thinking all alone. It wasn't a solemn look, like Stephen A. Douglas sometimes had. Douglas sometimes made me think of an owl. He used to stare at you with his great dark eyes in a way that almost frightened you. Lincoln never frightened anybody. No one was afraid of him, but there was something about him that made plain folks feel toward him a good deal as a child feels toward his father, because you know every child looks upon his father as a wonderful man."

The fatherly spirit that later found its way into the hearts of an army in blue—we sang "We are coming, Father Abraham"—was felt by even the pets that trusted him in his youth and by the helpless animals he always found time to relieve from their distresses. When the Lincoln family moved from Indiana to Illinois in the spring of 1830 they had, among their few possessions, a small pet dog. The little fellow fell behind one day and was not missed until the party had crossed a swollen, ice-filled stream, when he made his presence on the opposite bank known by frantic whining. Lincoln's father, anxious to go forward, decided not to recross the river with oxen and wagons, but the boy Abraham could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, he waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under his arm. Said Lincoln afterward: "His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

When a country lawyer, Lincoln was riding the circuit with friends over a muddy Illinois road, when he got off his horse in a heavy storm and soiled his boots



"Will you take my overcoat to town?"

and clothing in the deep mire to release a poor pig that had painfully entangled itself in a fence. When bantered by his companions for his consideration of the animal, he replied: "I could not stand the look in that pig's eye as we rode by; it seemed to say to me, 'There goes my last chance.'"

On another occasion, while riding the circuit in Illinois, Lincoln was missed by the party. Rejoining them a few moments later, he reported that he had caught two young birds that the wind had blown from their nest. He said: "I could not have slept unless I had restored those little creatures to their mother."

Years later, as the great war President, when his brow was furrowed with the anxiety of battle, he was seen to restore a fallen bird to its nest, and with the same great awkward tenderness he carried a motherless kitten to the cook's tent and gave directions for its care. And these things done by the same hand that by a single stroke of the pen struck the manacles from four million limbs!

In 1860 the great lawyers of New York City went to the Cooper Institute on the evening of Washington's Birthday to hear the subject of much of their ridicule speak. They came away from that famous meeting disciples of that subject. On that visit to New York, Mr. Lincoln visited the Five Points Mission, the one dark port in that troubled little sea of misery and wickedness. Of this strange visit of the fatherly Abraham, Mr. Edwards says:

"Here little ones were gathered out of misery, and were comforted and protected. Lincoln stood before them, his face aglow with sympathy, and kindly sympathy, and they knew him for a friend. When he spoke they heard a familiar voice, like that of a friend who had been kind and had won their confidence. It was confidence these children bestowed upon this man whose face lighted up with something like heavenly illumination, as it appeared to Mr. Brainerd."

"The children gathered around Lincoln, and some offered little caresses, and he was greatly touched thereby. When the visit ended, Lincoln said to his companion: 'I have now a better understanding than ever before of what the Saviour meant when He said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.''"

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist who, while painting that historic picture, "The Emancipation Proclamation," lived six months at the White House, speaking of Lincoln's expression, said: "His is the saddest face I ever knew. There were times when I could not look upon it without shedding tears."

When as a child, led by his mother's hand, he visited for the last time his little sister's grave, he took with him across the Ohio into the wilderness of Indiana a sense of life's stern sorrows that made him as strong as it made him lonely.

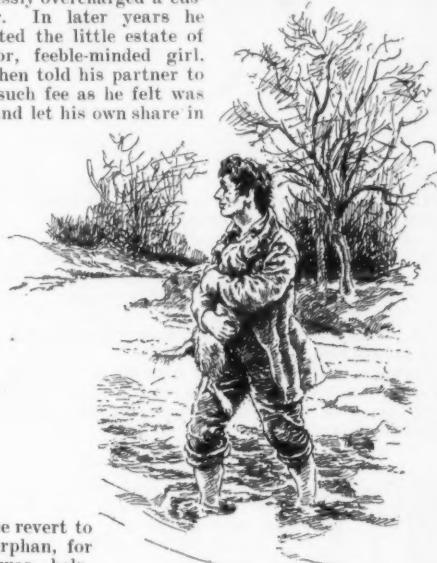
To his early and most timely friend, Joshua F. Speed, he entrusted, years later, the simple story of his mother's death. She called him to her side, laid her hand on him, and said: "I'm going away from here, Abe, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you

and to love your Heavenly Father." Then he saw his father hew a casket and lay the withered body away in the low prairie hills without even a parson's prayer—stern discipline of isolation. So deep did this enforced neglect eat into his boyish soul that he indited his first letter to the Rev. David Elkins at Little Mound, Kentucky, who three months later rode over a hundred miles to gratify this serious child's wish that at least a prayer be said over his mother's grave.

His great tenderness in love and sorrow is again shown when Ann Rutledge, his first love, was laid in the grave. Grieving till his friends feared his loss of reason, he was found on a dark and stormy night beside the new-made grave, crying: "I can not bear to have the rain fall upon her."

These are but incidents in the life of the heart so sensitive to human sorrow that it shook the world with emotion when it felt the pang of an overwhelming human wrong. As a flatboat-man he saw for the first time, in New Orleans, men, women, and children sold as chattels upon the auction-block. The strong, indignant heart cried: "If ever I get a chance to hit it, my God, I'll hit it hard." Thirty-two years later God used that conscience, and through the gentle, strong spirit of Father Abraham amended the old commandment to read: "Neither shalt thou steal the product of labor, nor shalt thou steal Labor itself."

As his love for all living things won for him the affectionate appellation of Father Abraham, so did his fairness in all things make him "Honest Abe." When a clerk in the country store, Lincoln walked several miles one night to return seven cents which he had carelessly overcharged a customer. In later years he adjusted the little estate of a poor, feeble-minded girl, and then told his partner to take such fee as he felt was fair and let his own share in



the fee revert to
the orphan, for
she was help-
less and needed
all she had.

"His gratitude repaid me"

Lincoln had won a case for an old German who was in danger of losing his farm. Ninian Edwards, his brother-in-law, was the opposing lawyer. The case dangled from court to court for some years until the suit was finally decided in favor of Lincoln's client. He then charged him two hundred dollars, which the old man, now secure of his farm, willingly paid. But Lincoln was not entirely easy in his conscience. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced that he had overcharged the farmer. Therefore, seeing Ninian Edwards on the street, he sought him out to ask what he, the losing lawyer, had charged his client. To his amazement Mr. Edwards answered promptly: "Two hundred and fifty dollars." Lincoln quietly laughed and decided to keep his fee.

An objectionable case at law was offered to Lincoln. He astounded his visitor with these straightforward words: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 in some other way."

Again, after listening to the evidence, which convinced him that his client was wrong, he turned to his associate counsel and said: "Swett, the man is guilty. You defend him, I can not."

On another occasion Lincoln abruptly withdrew from the courtroom during the trial of a case when it was shown that his client was attempting a fraud. He refused to return, sending back this message: "Tell the judge my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them."

He was a lawyer who dignified his profession by making love his law. He sanctified the courtroom. He pleaded for justice, not for advantage. He sought truth, not judgment.

The day he left Springfield to go to Washington he stood in his old law-office with his old law partner, Billy Herndon.

"Billy," he said, "over sixteen years together and we have not had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"Not one."

"Don't take the sign down, Billy; let it swing, that our clients may understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. If I live, I am coming back, and we will



The poor pig's last chance

go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened." Then the two went down the stairs and across the town to the railroad station.

As President, Lincoln was still the same great democrat he had always been as a citizen. During the four awful years of war his heart and his thoughts were always with the soldier in the ranks—and in both ranks, for the North and the South was his country. So intent was Lincoln upon saving all unnecessary suffering that the doorkeepers had standing orders from him that no matter how great the throng, though Senators and Representatives had to wait or to go



"Don't take the sign down, Billy"

away without an audience, the President must see before the day closed every messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of a life.

In this connection he once said: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

Upon a petition for the release of a soldier condemned to death, Lincoln wrote: "What possible injury can this lad work upon the cause of the great Union? I say, let him go."

Shooting Will Do No Good

IT IS a lasting loss to American history that there was not a special secretary at the White House during Lincoln's administration to record the stories of all of Lincoln's pardons. Think of the story that lies back of this short and simple order: "Let this woman have her boy."

In passing upon the case of a lad condemned to death for falling asleep upon his post, Lincoln said: "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep, and I can not consent to shoot him for such an act." The impressive sequel of this act of mercy was brought to light when the dead body of this soldier boy was found on the field of Fredericksburg, and next his heart a photograph of the President, across which he had written, "God bless Abraham Lincoln."

A member of Congress, after futile entreaties to the commanding general and to the Secretary of War, applied to the President for a reprieve for an old neighbor, condemned to death by court-martial for a serious misdemeanor. The President listened quietly, and at the end remarked: "Well, I don't believe shooting him will do him any good; give me that pen," and the reprieve was instantly granted.

After pardoning a deserter (condemned to death), in answer to the prayer of his mother, Lincoln said: "Perhaps I have done wrong, but, at all events, I have made that poor woman happy."

Lincoln's rare sense of humor has very properly been called his safety-valve. Without this it is incomprehensible how any human soul could have borne the great load of responsibility which he so conscientiously assumed. His gifted wit was but another side of the great character that has endeared itself to all of us.

Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts called at the White House early one morning. He was told that the President was downstairs; that he could go right down. He found the President polishing his boots. Somewhat amazed, Senator Sumner said: "Why, Mr. President, do you black your own boots?" With a vigorous rub of the brush the President replied: "Whose boots did you think I'd black?"

While walking along a dusty road in Illinois in his circuit days, Lincoln was overtaken by a stranger driving to town. "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" asked Lincoln. "With pleasure; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very readily. I intend to remain in it," was Lincoln's prompt reply.

In one of his debates with Stephen A. Douglas during that famous Senatorial campaign, Judge Douglas tried to dismiss from the people's minds Lincoln's apprehensions for the Union by urging the people to trust in Providence. To this Lincoln replied by saying that

if the country acted upon this advice it might find itself in the fix of the old woman whose horse ran away with her in a buggy. She said that "she trusted in Providence till the 'britchin' broke and then she didn't know what on earth to do!"

Some gentlemen, fresh from a Western tour, calling at the White House to see President Lincoln, referred to a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name which they could not recall, but which signified Weeping Water. Instantly Mr. Lincoln replied: "As Laughing Water, according to Mr. Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this must be 'Minneboohoo.'"

Lincoln once told the telegraph operators in the War Department that the concise phraseology of the official despatches reminded him of the story of a Scotch girl who, on her way to market one morning, while fording a stream, was accosted by a countryman on the bank. "Good morning, my lassie," said he. "How deep's the brook and what's the price of eggs?" "Knee deep and a sixpence!" answered the little maid without looking up.

During the unsuccessful peace negotiations of 1865, the Southern Senator, Hunter, objected to Lincoln's refusal to make an agreement with persons in arms against the Government, citing precedents from the history of Charles I of England. Said Lincoln: "I do not profess to be posted upon history. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I is that he lost his head."

After a long period of inaction on the part of the Union forces, a telegram from Cumberland Gap reached Mr. Lincoln, saying that firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville. The President simply remarked that he was glad of it. As General Burnside was in a perilous position in Tennessee at that time, those present were greatly surprised at Lincoln's calm view of the case. "You see," said the President, "it reminds me of Mistress Sally Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim: 'There's one of my children that ain't dead yet!'"

One of the greatest trials of Lincoln's life as President was the ceaseless pressure of office-hunters and their friends. Even in his most trying hours he had no rest from the selfish intrusions of the politicians. At such a time he told a friend that he felt like a man letting lodgings at one end of his house, while the other end was on fire.

Lincoln's orders to his generals are filled with the kindly courtesy, the direct argument, and the dry humor, which are so characteristic of the man. To Grant, who had telegraphed: "If the thing is pressed I think that Lee will surrender," Lincoln replied: "Let the thing be pressed." To McClellan, gently chiding him for his inactivity: "I have just read your despatch about sore-tongue and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?" To Hooker: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it is on the flank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Can't you break him?" Again to Hooker: "I would not take any risk of being entangled on the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." To Grant: "Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

Referring to General McClellan's inaction, President Lincoln once expressed his impatience by saying: "McClellan is a pleasant and scholarly gentleman; he is an admirable engineer, but he seems to have a special talent for stationary engineering."

Lincoln early learned to have faith in his own common sense and to take the direct road to well-considered ends. A notable witness to this habit is given in



"Whose boots did you think I'd black?"

the case of Smith Brothers of Boston, convicted by court-martial of naval frauds. The President wrote the following opinion:

"Whereas, Franklin W. Smith had transactions with the Navy Department to the amount of one million and a quarter of a million dollars; and,

"Whereas, He had the chance to steal a quarter of a million, and was only charged with stealing twenty-two hundred dollars, and the question now is about his stealing one hundred dollars, I don't believe he stole anything at all. Therefore the records and findings are disapproved, declared null and void, and the defendants are fully discharged."

After the nomination of McClellan by the Democratic Party, the tide of popular favor turned toward Lincoln. Asked whether he believed it was the victory at Atlanta or the Democratic platform (Concluded on page 24)

The Man of Peace

February 12, 1809—February 12, 1909

By BLISS CARMAN

WHAT winter holiday is this?
In Time's great calendar,

Marked in the rubric of the saints,
And with a soldier's star,
Here stands the name of one who lived
To serve the common weal,
With humor tender as a prayer
And honor firm as steel.

NO hundred hundred years can dim
The radiance of his mirth,
That set unselfish laughter free
From all the sons of earth.
Unswerved through stress and scant success,
Out of his dreamful youth
He kept an unperverted faith
In the almighty truth.

BORN in the fulness of the days,
Up from the teeming soil,
By the world-mother reared and schooled
In reverence and toil,
He stands the test of all life's best
Through play, defeat, or strain:
Never a moment was he found
Unlovable nor vain.

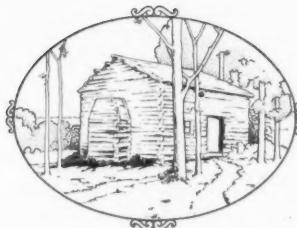
FONDLY we set apart this day,
And mark this plot of earth
To be forever hallowed ground
In honor of his birth,
Where men may come as to a shrine
And temple of the good,
To be made sweet and strong of heart
In Lincoln's brotherhood.

HERE walked God's earth in modesty
The shadow that was man,
A shade of the divine that moved
Through His mysterious plan.
So must we fill the larger mold
Of wisdom, love, and power,
Fearless, compassionate, contained,
And masters of the hour,

AS men found faithful to a task
Eternal, pressing, plain,
Accounting manhood more than wealth,
And gladness more than gain;
Distilling happiness from life,
As vigor from the air,
Not wresting it with ruthless hands,
Spoiling our brother's share.

HERE shall our children keep alive
The passion for the right,—
The cause of justice in the world,
That was our fathers' fight.
For this the fair-haired stripling rode,
The dauntless veteran died,
For this we keep the ancient code
In stubbornness and pride.

OSOUTH, bring all your chivalry;
And West, give all your heart;
And East, your old untarnished dreams
Of progress and of art!
Bid waste and war to be no more,
Bid wanton riot cease;
At your command give Lincoln's land
To Paradise,—to peace.



THE NATIONAL LINCOLN CENTENARY
WAS CELEBRATED AT THE BIRTHPLACE FARM,
HODGENVILLE, KENTUCKY,
ON FEBRUARY 12, 1909.
ADDRESSES WERE MADE BY
HONORABLE JOSEPH W. FOLK, FORMER GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI,
PRESIDENT OF THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION;
HONORABLE AUGUSTUS E. WILLSON, GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY;
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT;
GENERAL LUKE E. WRIGHT, SECRETARY OF WAR;
AND GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON OF NEW YORK.
THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MEMORIAL HALL,
IN WHICH IS TO BE PRESERVED THE
CABIN WHERE LINCOLN WAS BORN,
WAS LAID BY
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
IN THE PRESENCE OF A GATHERING
OF DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AN ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DELIVERED AT LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE ON FEBRUARY 12, 1909

WE HAVE met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman they

more noxious, a more evil, member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense. We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene. Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet pre-

his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

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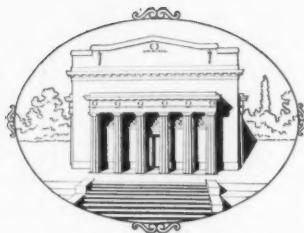
Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others. There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a

surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene. Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL HALL
WAS DESIGNED BY
JOHN RUSSELL POPE OF NEW YORK.
THE FUNDS FOR ITS ERECTION HAVE BEEN SUBSCRIBED
BY MORE THAN A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE,
ENROLLED AS MEMBERS IN THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION.
IT WILL SERVE WHEN COMPLETED
AS A PROTECTION TO THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN,
AND WHICH IS NOW RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL SITE
ON THE BIRTHPLACE FARM.
IT IS HOPED THAT THE BUILDING MAY BE READY
TO BE DEDICATED BY PRESIDENT TAFT
IN THE AUTUMN OF 1909 OR THE SPRING OF 1910.
THE NAME OF EVERY CONTRIBUTOR
WHO HAS SENT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS OR MORE TO
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, TREASURER OF THE ASSOCIATION,
74 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
WILL BE PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME IN
THE MEMORIAL HALL.

Some danced with an awkwardness not yet forgotten



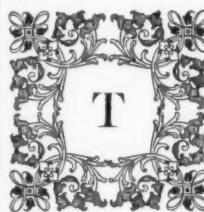
John Wolcott Adams

Our Townsman

Pictures of Lincoln as a Friend and Neighbor

By OCTAVIA ROBERTS

Illustrated by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



TO US who live in Springfield, and to whose fathers and grandfathers Lincoln was a familiar figure of daily life, he lives through an inherited memory as a simple, kindly friend and neighbor who moved among us in that rôle for over twenty years.

His presence, wraith-like, haunts the town at every turn. It is not only that the house where he lived, the only house he ever owned, placards the fact as we pass his door, nor that the great monument in the cemetery bristling with warlike groups marks his last resting-place, but in innumerable associations that his presence still lingers here.

One house has the sofa where he used to sit staring silently and admiringly at the brilliant Miss Todd; another has his chair; many his letters, yellow with age but with the signature, "A. Lincoln," still legible. For years a great desk, once his, stood in a corner of our principal hotel, and in the intermissions of dances this was a favorite retreat, the broad surface of the old desk often serving as a seat to the boy and girl who first secured the corner.

The barber can tell you that Lincoln once owned the property on which his shop now stands, but traded it for the house on Eighth Street. Many of us have gone to school in the building where he was married, gathering upon state occasions in the very room where the ceremony was held. The boy who had brought the news of his nomination knew as a prominent lawyer; his bridesmaids, his groomsmen, his intimate friends were all citizens of this town, connecting us by innumerable links with the past, so fast becoming history everywhere else.

As the recollections once so generously at our disposal became scattered and desultory, they gained in importance. The rambling recollections that follow have been gathered from those few still living who knew Lincoln or from old scrap-books where his friends and relatives sometimes recorded their impressions, with no thought of wider circulation.

That Lincoln, who lived in New Salem, had been in Springfield, which was but twenty miles or so away, before he came on the *Talisman* in 1832, is more than probable. But no one living among us now remembers him before that date. And when he came upon that occasion, a gawky country boy piloting the first steamboat down our little river, he himself was so inferior in importance to the steamboat that no one remembers much except that he was on board.

The Sangamon was, and is, a river so filled with snags, so treacherously shallow, that no steamboat can navigate its waters, and yet in '32 hope was high in this little inland city that at last we were to have a waterway to St. Louis, and could carry our freight by steam instead of ox-carts or on horseback over the almost unbroken prairie. Captain Bogue had built a mill on the river and sworn to some day land a steamboat there.

He lived to keep his word. His enthusiasm was contagious. A committee of Springfield men collected sufficient money to charter a steamer and clear the river of snags, while the local paper trumpeted the glad news, even announcing the rate for carrying freight. Captain Bogue went to Cincinnati on horseback, chartered the boat, and started home through a long chain of rivers. But at Meredosia the *Talisman* stuck fast in the ice. Not deterred by this, they got the boat free at last, and continued on their triumphant way. At Beardstown, on the Illinois River, a young man stepped on board and offered to pilot the boat down the Sangamon to Springfield, as he knew the stream well, having but lately made his way over it on a flat boat. This young man was Abraham Lincoln.

The *Talisman* arrived late in March, and the village turned out in full force to welcome the party on board.

One dear old lady among us remembers the occasion well. Every one in town, she says, drove to the river's bank. The girls, in spite of the cold, damp weather, dressed mostly in little calico gowns, low-necked and short-sleeved, according to the fashion. Many of them wore bonnets they had made themselves over reeds, of all conceivable shapes. Their hair was done up with the immense tuck-combs that from time to time are the fashion. When Lincoln reached the port of Bogue's mill he, head and shoulders in stature above every one else, saw carriages—for some of us had carriages (the kind where steps pull down to dismount)—and wagons and riding-horses lining the shore. Who greeted the young pilot or brought him over the terrible ruts to town we do not know. But for an entire week there was feasting and dancing and horseback parties for officers and passengers. And there was even a ball at the hotel. But at the end of a week the fun was over and the project a failure. The river had sunk so low that the *Talisman* couldn't even turn around, but ignominiously backed her way out.

Did the young pilot dance with the girls in their high tuck-combs and little prunella shoes, or taste the Jerusalem cakes and Judge's biscuits, and join with his tuneless voice in that gay chorus of "Clar de Steamboat"? The old lady who was there opened her eyes very wide at the question. Only the gentlemen, it seems, were invited to the ball, and a pilot of a steamboat, even in those early days, would never have been included among them. With scant education, common clothes, uncouth appearance, Lincoln the pilot was left to amuse himself with the mass of plain people whose cause in after years was always his own.

He Came With His Saddle-Bag

FEW years later we learn from the papers of an old settler in an adjoining county that Lincoln came to Springfield to see a circus. He was then postmaster in Salem, and came, therefore, dressed as befitting his new dignity. A man who saw him on that day recorded that he wore "coat and pants of brown linen, the vest white with dots of flowers on it. The shirt was open-front and buttoned up with small ivory buttons. The collar was wide and folded over the collar of the coat. He had for a necktie a black silk handkerchief, with a narrow fringe to it, tied in a double bow," and, last and crowning splendor, a "buckeye hat."

It was in 1837 that Lincoln came to Springfield to live, a gaunt young man of twenty-eight, in debt for his country store in Salem, and with so few worldly possessions that they were easily contained in his saddle-bags. A friend, Major Stuart, had offered him a law partnership, but first he must find a place to live.

Joshua Speed, a young merchant, knew Lincoln, and used often to tell of the young man coming to him and asking what it would cost for the few necessary pieces of furniture to fit out a room. When he told him seventeen dollars, he said he never saw a man with a sadder face than Lincoln's as he confessed that that was more money than he possessed. Speed, therefore, said good-naturedly: "I've a large room upstairs that you can share with me if you wish."

Lincoln went to the back of the store, mounted the long flight of stairs, and after a few moments came down beaming, without his saddle-bags, saying whimsically: "Well, Speed, I've moved," and that was Lincoln's first home in Springfield, and Joshua Speed the most intimate friend he ever had.

The young Lincoln, meantime, was far too poor to be a profitable customer, and if it had not been for Speed's kindness in lodging him, and in another friend's in boarding him, doubtless he would have had to abandon the law. He writes at this time of the people in Springfield as "flourishing about in carriages," and speaks of his own poverty in the same letter.

Lincoln's law partnership with Major Stuart, a prominent lawyer and Congressman, his friendship with Speed, his position in the Legislature, above all the part he had borne in causing the capital to be removed from Vandalia to Springfield, soon won him many friends in his new home.

In the long winter evenings the cold and damp could be shut out by the closing of the door, and a good company gathered around the big stove in Speed's store—a company that often included Stephen A. Douglas, even then talking sides against Lincoln and challenging him to spirited retort.

Gave Legislative Parties

THE house where Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky came to visit her sister in '39 is almost unchanged. Of substantial brick, it still stands, set far back from the street, among the heavy shade of old trees. In that early day it was the finest residence in town. Ninian Edwards, who owned it, was the son of our Territorial Governor, an able man himself, who had served in the Legislature with Lincoln. Even in those days he drove a "barouche" and had a conservatory. His wife was a woman with a genius for hospitality. She gave always at least two parties a year, one for those who danced and one for those who did not. The Legislature was always entertained during the season, and, altogether, her sister Mary, a girl of twenty-one, lively and fond of society, must have found herself in agreeable surroundings.

At that time the Legislature was of such a character that people were glad to entertain its members, and indeed counted greatly upon their presence adding to the gaiety of the winter. Here and there are those who yet remember the parties in their honor, which sometimes occurred in private houses, as at Mrs. Edwards', and sometimes were given at the United States Circuit Court. Stephen A. Douglas was, of course, among the guests, dancing with an awkwardness not yet forgotten the cotillions which the fiddler "called off." Mary Todd was everywhere, lively, animated, and admired by all. The young men vied in paying her "particular court." Like many another, however, with a lively mind, her tongue was sharp and her temper quick. The blood would fly to her cheeks and the retort to her lips all in an instant.

Lincoln probably met Miss Todd soon after her arrival. In the Gunther collection there is still preserved an invitation to a ball at the American House, given in 1839, the very year she came to Springfield, and on the committee, among the most prominent men in town, is the name of A. Lincoln, now among the invited in the little city's festivities.

These parties are still remembered. An aged gentleman described them to me in detail. A master of ceremonies was appointed by the young men, and he issued the invitations, sent carriages for the young ladies, and found them partners for the cotillions (square dances) when they arrived. This was very easy to do, for the young men far outnumbered the girls in the Western town. Then the music began; commonly the barber, a quadroon, played the fiddle and another man the cornet. The girls wore the pretty, full skirts with low-necked bodice that showed the tip edge of bare shoulders, and were as pretty and gay as happy young girls are sure to be. Many of the dresses came from St. Louis and others from the East. We remember yet a gown of black satin covered with roses, patterned so that at each seam a green stem was formed, ending in a great red rose. This costume, naturally, was for a married lady, the wife, I think, of some political dignitary of the time.

Another reason for Mr. Lincoln's rapid acquaintance with Mary Todd was his warm friendship with Ninian Edwards, her brother-in-law. Indeed, Mr. Edwards had been sufficiently interested in the young lawyer to go to his friend William Butler, the owner of one of the largest homes, and persuade him to take Lincoln on board, representing him as a fine, industrious young man, pitifully poor, who, if he were helped a little for a few years, was sure to succeed. Mr. Butler, therefore, took him into his family, and after boarding him for a short time also gave him a large and comfortable room, which Speed shared with him, abandoning the room at the store. Mr. Butler's children at that time were very young, but dim memories of Lincoln at that early day still linger. One that lives is of a pleasant young man who would put down his book to toss a little girl up to the ceiling and who, no matter when you came down to breakfast, was sure to be before you, sitting before the big Franklin stove reading.

At one time he was so charmed with the works of William Wirt that he persuaded the family to name a new-born son after the distinguished jurist.

Among other dim memories of that household is of Lincoln lying ill, then of an absence when he went to Kentucky with Speed for a month's visit, and then of a night when the household was full of excitement, for Mr. Lincoln was to be married. The children clustered about him, and one of them remembers quite vividly how as her little brother whisked off his suit, the mother in a beautiful green satin came in and tied Mr. Lincoln's cravat. Then, in the downpour of a November evening, the father and mother and Mr. Lincoln left the house, and the children knew with sorrow that he who had lived with them for four or five years would come back no more.

Of the guests at that wedding but two survive, one a son of Mrs. Edwards, sister of Mary Todd, who was so young that not the slightest recollection is left to him of the occasion, and the other a sister-in-law, who remembers it vividly and told me of it but a few days since. She remembers that. (Continued on page 24)

The lieutenant nodded. The daughter was watching him thoughtfully.

"We weren't sure of it till we got to Hamilton and heard that Morgan was south of us, making for Glendale; and when I went to the despatcher's room to telegraph Nash that we'd arrived safe, I found the wires cut."

"So," Price said, "you didn't meet Morgan on that trip, after all."

"Didn't, eh? Huh! My orders were to report to Cincinnati that I had arrived at Hamilton. I got a hand-car and a couple of men and began to pump back to Carthage. Before we got to Ellison's we slowed down and listened, and we could hear the horses' hoofs scuffling and pounding across the planking between the rails at the crossing. We left the hand-car there, and climbed the bank into the woods and crept along to where we could see the road. It was just about dawn—light enough to see them dragging along, half-asleep in their saddles—so much steam rising from the horses you could scarcely see the riders. Tired. It had been a red-hot day. They were riding in undershirts and trousers—and they looked less like glorious war and heroic warriors than anything you ever saw in a book of battles—like a procession of tin pedlers, the way their sabers rattled."

He made a gesture, dismissing the picture. "My orders were to report to Cincinnati. I had fooled that crowd of corn-crackers once, and I thought I'd try it again. They were trailing along, with gaps between them, and nobody was paying any attention to anything he passed, apparently; and I thought if I could come down on them full sweep in the hand-car, if I didn't strike on one of the gaps, I'd probably scare the horses into opening up to let me through—do you see? A hand-car can make quite a noise, rattling down on you that way. I thought we could help it with a yell at the right minute. The only thing was: had they torn up the track?"

"To find that out, I had to turn off through the woods, as near as possible to the crossing, to look at the rails. I was careless, maybe. Anyway I ran head on into a squad of men lying down under the trees. They grabbed me. I knocked two or three of them over before some one struck me a crack on the head with the butt of a carbine."

"They were with Ellsworth—waiting there with his key for any messages that might come along from Cincinnati. He knew me. They'd have known I was a conductor, anyway, by the silver badge on my cap. (Didn't wear uniform—those days—train men.) And they wanted to know where our troops were—where I had left my train. And I told them they could all go—"

He checked himself, hoisted himself in his chair, and put his clenched hand on the table-top, menacingly. "I was mad. I was—In those days I had a bad temper. And I guess Ellsworth knew it. I told him what I thought of him. When they couldn't get anything out of me, I heard him say: 'Take him to the General. That'll give him time to cool off.' So they hoisted me on a broken-legged plow-horse and started me off to Harris's stock farm, where Morgan and his staff were having breakfast."

"It gave me time to cool off, all right, but I didn't let them see it. I saw I'd have to bluff it out, and I kept cursing and abusing them all the way. They were too dog-tired and sleepy to resent it. They were so tired they talked as thick as if they were drunk." He pointed his finger at the lieutenant. "You can do anything you like with a tired man. Remember that. All the mistakes I ever made in my life I made when I was tired. And I said to myself: 'If Morgan's as done out as the rest of them, I can bluff it through. I can bluff it through.'

"Besides, I never did have much respect for soldiers—account of their clothes. No need for a man to dress himself up like a performing monkey. Cursed nonsense."

"Morgan had stopped for breakfast at Harris's—a big house—big farm. Harris had always talked as if he could eat a rebel a day and still thirst for blood, but when I got into the dining-room, Harris was waiting on the table himself, as willing as a nigger. I recognized Morgan—I'd seen him at the hotel—and I just stood there glaring at him, while they explained who I was. I could hear Harris cracking his finger-joints behind him, with nervousness, while he listened. And when Morgan looked at me, I looked at him under my eyebrows, with my head down, and I said: 'Morgan, I helped your brother—'"

"Oh, dear!" his daughter interrupted. "You haven't told the lieutenant about that."

"Well," he interpolated briefly, "Charlton Morgan had been sent up to Camp Chase on my train with a carload of other prisoners about a year or so before, and he recognized me going through the car with my lantern, and I promised to get word to his family that he wasn't killed, and go out to Camp Chase to see him—and took him tobacco. And when he was exchanged, I lent him money and took a signet ring from him. 'And darn your eyes,' I said to Morgan, 'this's the thanks I get. If you want to fight, why don't you stay where there are soldiers to fight with? Coming around here burning private property—assaulting private citizens. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here,' I said, 'you take that ring back to your brother Charlton, and tell him if he's ever penned up in Camp Chase again and I go there to see him, it'll be to see him hanged!'"

The lieutenant was grinning. "It was a wonder he didn't have you shot."

"Young man," he said grimly; "it would be a bigger man than John Morgan that'd have the nerve to have me shot, at any stage of the game. He took the ring from the officer who picked it up, and he looked at the seal on it, and then he said: 'Send him back to his railroad in charge of some one.' He said it in the

voice of a man who didn't want to be bothered with anything as unimportant as I was, and that stuck in my crop—but I swallowed it—and I remembered it. Before they started me out I heard him tell Harris' exchange horses with him; and Harris said: 'With pleasure, General. With pleasure'—though he knew it meant leaving him a lot of broken nags in exchange for a stable of the finest horses in Ohio. He never held up his head afterward—Harris. He died of it.

"(All right," he said to the waiter, with the soup. "Serve it.)"

"When we got back to the hand-car, the raid had passed, and the two soldiers asked me, if they surrendered, would I take them back to Cincinnati and give them something to eat. They fell asleep on the car. I had to pump the whole load myself. But I got back to Cincinnati with two prisoners," he ended triumphantly, "and reported my train."

"Well," the lieutenant said, in a voice of amused admiration of that domineering personality, "you would have made a great—"

"Here," he interrupted. "Here's the ring. I kept it as a souvenir."

He drew it from his finger and passed it across the table. It was a heavy ring of soft gold, and the shield on which the seal had once been graven was now worn smooth. "Had to have it let out twice," he said.

The lieutenant turned it over. "But," he said, "I thought—I understood you to say that General Morgan kept it."

"So he did. I'll tell you. Wait till I have some soup."

He ate with gusto. "Been at board meetings—panie conferences—all day. Hungry as if I'd been at work."

The daughter chatted with the lieutenant till her father put down his spoon. Then she turned to him expectantly.

He reached out his hand for the ring. "Morgan was captured. Too important a prisoner to keep in Camp Chase, so they shut him up in the penitentiary in Co-

"Well, we got the engine on, and went back to the train, and I didn't say anything but just thought it over. As I was going through their car, one of them asked me if we would stop at the 'Transfer.' And I said: 'No'—that we'd missed connections and we'd go right into Cincinnati. And then I remembered the way I'd been dragged before John Morgan as if he were the biggest man on earth—and the way he'd said: 'Take him back to his railroad'—and I thought I'd give him a taste of that sort of thing himself. So I said: 'If you're afraid to face Cincinnati, you can jump when we slow down for the curve at the 'Transfer.' One of them said: 'What do you mean?' It was either Captain Hines or General Basil Duke—I never knew which. I looked him up and down. 'You know what I mean, darn well,' I said, and I turned to Morgan and I said: 'Now, Morgan, give me back my ring.'

"One of the men didn't move—just sat there with his hat pulled down over his eyes as if he thought that if he kept quiet no one would notice him. Duke—or Hines—made as if to leap up, and I shoved him back by the shoulder. 'Keep quiet,' I said, 'you fool, you. You can't jump off here.' And by that time Morgan had remembered me.

"He took off the ring and held it out to me. I said: 'We're quits'—and took it. 'But the next time you come around here interfering with this railroad,' I said, 'I'll not let you off so easily, do you understand?'—and I left him.

"I looked in on them, once or twice—just for the fun of seeing them feel nervous. You never saw two generals and a captain look more like schoolboys caught in an orchard. They didn't know what I was going to do with them."

He snorted contemptuously. "They thought there wasn't anything going on in the world but them and their fool war. Huh!"

"They jumped near Mill Creek. I heard afterwards they were badly shaken up, but they made off down to the river and got across to a Mrs. Ludlow's—where they were expected. Next day, when it was in the



"If you want to fight, why don't you stay where there are soldiers to fight with?"

lumbus. It was about three blocks from the railroad station. We used to run right under its walls.

"One night—one o'clock—four cattle drovers in long overcoats, with drovers' gads—hickory poles, six or seven feet long, about an inch thick—they used them to prod up cattle—Four of them got aboard. I noticed they didn't get on till they saw me on, after the train started; and then I noticed that they all sat together in two seats, instead of each man sprawling over as many seats as he could cover, the way drovers usually did. And when I came to collect their fares, instead of having passes—drovers always traveled on passes—they paid their four dollars each.

"That made me suspicious. I'd heard the company was putting detectives on the cars—'spotters'—and I had made up my mind that if I ever saw any on my train, I'd hand in my resignation. The more I looked at those men the more sure I was they were detectives. I spent most of the trip to Dayton turning over in my mind a hot letter I was going to write when I got in my badge."

"We got to Dayton about three-thirty. We were to change engines there. The yardmaster came to report the engine off the track, down the yards. These four fellows were in the restaurant with me—That's another thing drovers wouldn't do. They'd wait for their breakfasts till they got to Cincinnati—and when they heard about the engine they went down the yards with me to help get her back on the rails. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'you lads are certainly anxious to get on.' They carried the blocks and worked as hard as the best of us. I was a little puzzled, but between being hurried because we were going to be so late that we'd miss connections at the 'Transfer'—and angry because the old man had put 'spotters' on me—I didn't look at them right. And then one of them dropped his slouch hat. I was standing by with the lantern, and I saw him. He had shaved off his beard, but I knew his eyes. I have a good memory for faces. Conductors soon develop that."

"It was John Morgan."

"He grabbed up the hat again, and went on with his work, and I edged up to see his hands—to make sure. He had that ring on, with the seal turned in—sure enough."

papers that they had escaped from the prison, I reported about the four drovers who had jumped from the train. That was all I ever had to do with John Morgan. Never bothered me any more."

The daughter added: "Except that I was born in the room in Covington where his body had been laid out."

"Well," the lieutenant said, "you'd have made a great soldier."

"Soldier? I've seen a good many great soldiers—and I only saw one man in the whole war that I'd take off my hat to, now."

"Who was that? General Grant?"

"Abraham Lincoln." He leaned forward impressively. "All the generals that ever lived didn't come knee-high to him. I wasn't old enough to appreciate him then. I don't know whether I ever will be old enough to appreciate him *all*. But I tell you, young man, if you want to see war as it is, learn to see it the way he saw it—if you ever can. We were like a lot of quarreling children beside him. War? Glory? Heroism? If you want to know about what they amount to, get a good war-time photograph of Lincoln and look into his eyes. Into his eyes!" His lips quivered with some unacknowledged emotion. He looked down at his plate.

"Now, daddy," his daughter put in quickly. "You've talked enough. Eat your dinner. I'll entertain the lieutenant."

Price turned to her with a rather flattered smile. It was some time before he realized that her manner toward him had changed since her father had begun his story. When Price was a plebe at West Point he had noticed something of the same sort in another girl—when she first saw him out of his cadet uniform. He felt as if he had lost color. It puzzled him.

He did not understand how it had happened, but before they rose from the table he knew that it *had* happened. He showed that knowledge in the stiffer set of his shoulders and the more determined poise of his chin as he followed her out of the dining-room. She said good night to him at the door of the elevator, and she said it even absent-mindedly—in her anxiety for her father, who was showing signs of depression and fatigue. He had been silent. He roused himself to say, by way of farewell to the lieutenant: "War! Huh! Cursed nuisance. Good night."



The United States battleships "Mississippi" and "Maine" entering Havana harbor to take part in the final ceremonies of American evacuation



*The Mexican volcano Colima now in eruption.
People living near it have been warned to move*



The bath tub made for Mr. Taft's use on the trip to Panama and placed aboard the cruiser "North Carolina." It is large enough to accommodate four average-sized men

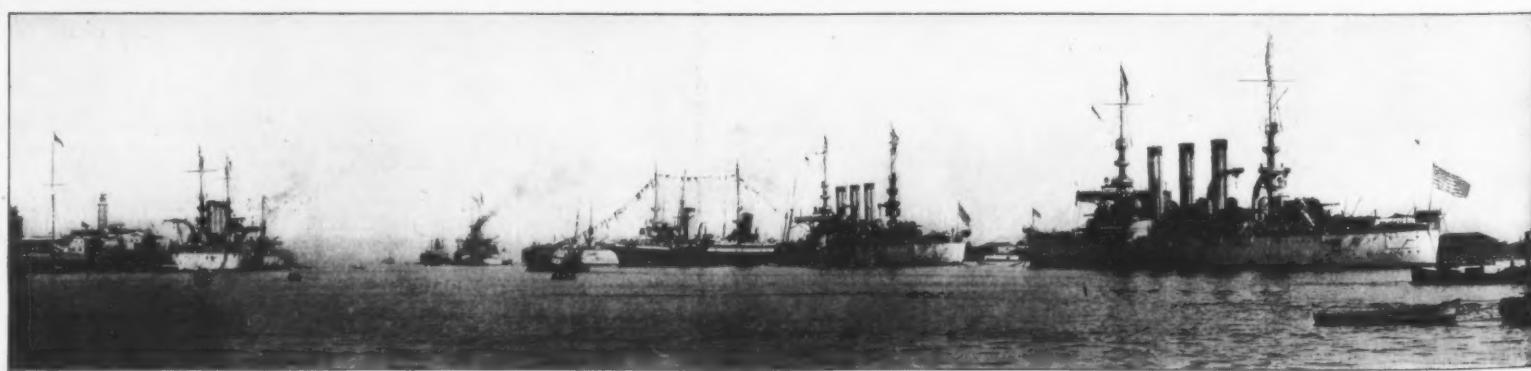
Various Aspects of a Week's Events



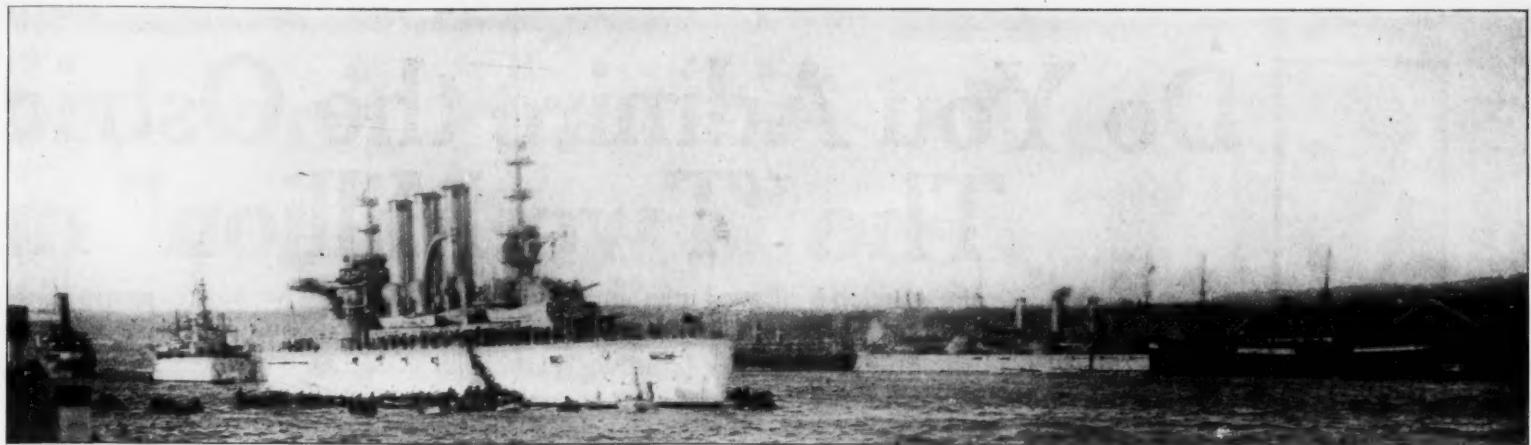
COLONEL COOPER
The courtroom at Nashville, Tennessee, during the trial of Colonel Cooper, who shot Senator Carmack



Rudyard Kipling enjoying winter sport in Switzerland



The American battleship fleet at anchor at Port Said after the passage through the Suez Canal



One of the divisions of the American battleship fleet in the harbor of Marseilles, France



A new Lincoln tablet at Indianapolis



A serenade by young Italians to the Jack Tars of the United States battleship "Connecticut," while the American fleet was at Naples



Statue to Bacon, to be erected in London



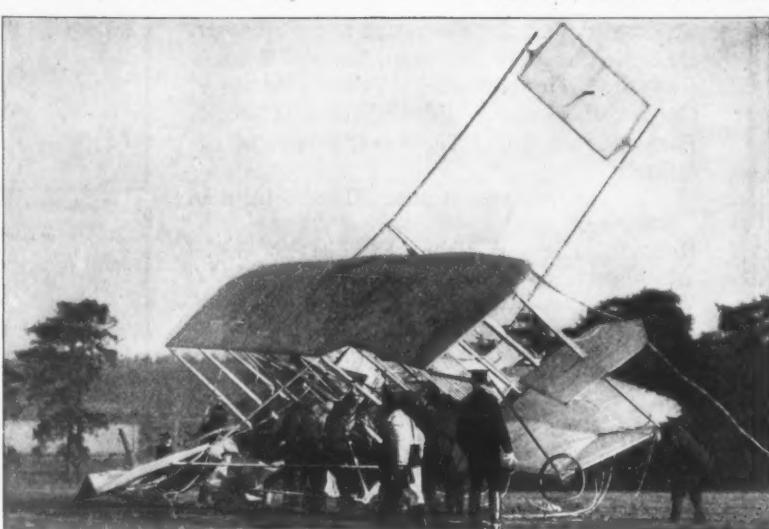
Fort Lee's memorial to the Continental Army



The memorial to Lord Salisbury, the late British Prime Minister, which is soon to be placed in Westminster Abbey



Remington's statue, "The Cowboy," at Philadelphia



The wreck of the British Army's new aeroplane at Aldershot



King Peter of Serbia passing through the streets of Belgrade

Many Phases of Human Activity

Do You Admire the Ostrich? if The "Two Million" magazine



Jacques Futrelle



Clara Louise Burnham



Ella Wheeler Wilcox



Maude Radford Warren



Gen. Chas. King



John Kendrick Bangs



Frank L. Stanton

DO you admire the Ostrich? Every man and woman in America who does NOT admire the Ostrich Habit of covering the head to avoid surrounding dangers should read the **Star Anniversary Issue** of **WOMAN'S WORLD**, containing the White Slave and Sex articles referred to below, and which is offered free to introduce this great national low price magazine. The **WOMAN'S WORLD** is not sold on news stands but has the largest circulation of any publication, of any kind, in the world. It is the greatest reading value today. The following are a few of the striking features in the free Star Anniversary Issue:

"White Slave Trade of Today," by Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the White Slave traffic of today by the official who has already obtained the conviction of many hundreds of the miserable creatures engaged in this "business," and who, Mr. Sims says, "have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system." Do you know that "White Slave" Trappers search the city and country towns for their victims and with what wiles they lure fair girls away? Mr. Sims' words of warning and the facts he presents should be read by every mother and father in America. Mr. Sims was the government prosecuting attorney in the famous \$29,000,000 Standard Oil Case.

"Wolves That Prey on Women," by Jane Addams of the Hull House, Chicago. Miss Addams is regarded by millions of thoughtful people as the foremost woman of America and is noted the world over for her untiring work for humanity. Every reader of this advertisement should read this warning article in the Star Anniversary issue of the **Woman's World** by Miss Addams.

"Why Girls Go Astray," by Edwin W. Sims—a second "White Slave" article strictly from the viewpoint of the lawyer who finds himself called upon, as an officer of the law, to deal with this delicate and difficult subject. In this article Mr. Sims states he has received many letters from fathers and mothers since he commenced writing for the **Woman's World** whose fears and suspicions "were aroused by the warning that the girl who left her home in the country, went up to the city and does not come home to visit, needs to be looked up." These cases have been investigated and some of the results are published in his article "Why Girls Go Astray."

"A Word About Wayward Girls," by Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh, Superintendent Illinois State Training School for Girls. "The girl who has once gone wrong will never go right; there's no use trying to bring her back into the straight and narrow path again." Mrs. Amigh writes that this is what the world says. She proves that it is not the case.

"Binding Up the Broken Hearted," by Maud Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. An original article telling some interesting facts and experiences of her work among the men and women in penitentiaries.

"The Sins of Society," by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," the greatest book sensation of the year. Mr. Patterson is an insider, and this article is a startling exposure of the follies and sins of the fashionable rich.

"The Sins of His Fathers," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "A Little Traitor to the South," "Richard the Brazen," etc. A powerful story dealing with "The Sins of the Fathers visited unto the third and fourth generation."

"The Stage Struck Girl," by Elsie Janis, the youngest Star on the American stage.

"The Most Interesting Thing in the World," a fascinating symposium by George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey and William Hodge.

"Cupid Well Disguised," by Anne Warner, author of "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

"Time's Defeat" and "The Empty Bowl," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the "Poet of Passion."

"The Love Potion," by Edwin Balmer, the author of the brilliant "Wireless" stories which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Balmer appeared upon the literary horizon as a result of the first Collier's Prize Story Contest.

"The Warp and Woof of Romance," by Margaret E. Sangster, the most celebrated writer about affairs of the home on this continent.

"Homes and Near Homes in the Far North," by Rex Beach. This sketch-story in the **Woman's World** abounds with the rapid, moving-picture style of description, the surprising touches of nature, the soul-stirring pathos so characteristic of Mr. Beach's work. His serial stories for magazines bring him \$10,000.00.

"The Old Home and the New," by the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States. A comparison of the modern home life with that of fifty years ago.

"Should Girls Be Permitted to Marry Old Men," by Rosetta.

"The Christian Science Faith," by Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, author of "Open Shutter," "Jewel," "Leaven of Love," etc.

"The Belles of the Barbers' Ball," a new and heretofore unpublished song, words and music complete, by George M. Cohan, author of "Yankee Doodle Boy," "So Long Mary," "Give My Regards to Broadway," etc.

"The Stories That Mother Told Me," by Harry Von Tilzer, new song with words and music complete by the composer of such big song hits as "Taffy," "All Aboard for Dreamland," etc.

"Love Making in Foreign Lands," by Frank L. Pixley, author of "King Dodo," "The Burgomaster," "Prince of Pilsen," etc.

Also, twenty-one additional contributions appear in the Star Anniversary Issue by the following well known men and women:

OPIE READ, Author "A Mountain Colonel,"

"The Jucklins," etc.

ROSWELL FIELD, Author "Madaline," "Bitter Sweet," etc.

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN, Author.

S. E. KISER, Poet and Writer.

WM. A. EVANS, Com. Health, City of Chicago.

HARRY VON TILZER, Composer of "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, Writer and Poet.

STANLEY WATERLOO, Associate Editor of Woman's World and Author "The Story of Ab."

EMILY CALVIN-BLAKE, Writer.

DELLA CARSON, \$10,000.00 Prize Beauty.

HENRY M. HYDE, Editor Technical World.

GEN. CHAS. KING, Author "The Colonel's Daughter."

All of these famous Authors, Actors, Poets, Editors, Composers, Celebrities, Cause workers and public officials are contributors to this **one issue** of the **Woman's World**—the Star Anniversary Issue, sent **free**, to introduce, as offered.



Opie Read



Forrest Crissey



Maud Ballington Booth



Chauncey Olcott



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William Hodge

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Roy Norton



Geo. M. Cohan



Cyrus Townsend Brady



Elsie Janis



Emily Calvin-Blake



Jane Addams

Every issue of the *Woman's World* during 1909 will be noteworthy. It is the marvel of the publishing world how a magazine of such unusual merit as the *Woman's World* can be supplied at the ridiculously low subscription price asked. Space permits mention of only a few of the features to be published in the next few issues:

How to Protect Our Girls

Harry A. Parkin, the assistant U. S. District Attorney of Chicago, who has had direct personal charge of the government's prosecutions against the White Slave Traffic, has written a powerful and practical article on this subject which will appear in the **March** number of the *Woman's World*. Mr. Parkin is the man who actually headed the raids which landed so many of the White Slavers in prison, the man who personally examined scores of the witnesses and prepared the evidence for the government's cases, the man who, as a faithful servant of the Department of Justice, has dug down into the filth and mire of this terrible traffic in order to stamp it out so far as federal laws provide for its extermination. The campaign of prosecution which he has conducted under the direction of the U. S. Attorney, Edwin W. Sims, has brought many things to light—among them this fact: Federal laws can protect only girls brought in from foreign countries or emigrants arriving here from other lands; the protection of American girls is up to the States themselves. The White Slavers are, broadly speaking, free to forage on home ground, while the emigrant girl is under the strong protecting hand of the government of the United States.

The State legislatures of this country are now in session. It is up to them to pass new laws which will drive the White Slavers from the home field. Very few legislators know what new measures are needed. Mr. Parkin does, for his work as a prosecutor has made him intimately familiar with every phase of this hideous traffic and with the legal loopholes through which these wolves make their escape.

The *Woman's World* proposes to do what it can to stop these holes, to plant thorns in the paths of those who live from the shame of our home-grown girls. Therefore, Mr. Parkin has been engaged to write an article suggesting the measures which ought to be passed by every State legislature of this country, this winter. More than this, his article will tell the mothers and fathers how to get action on the legislators of their various States, so that they will get results and pass the needed laws. Read Mr. Parkin's article and then ACT—and act quickly. He gets right down to brass tacks and tells what to do. If the fathers and mothers of this country will act on Mr. Parkin's suggestions—and it is easy to do so—the White Slave fiends can be driven into their holes or thrown into prison. Here is a chance for you to do something that will actually protect your daughters and your neighbor's daughters.

"Do you Admire the Ostrich?" by the editor of *Woman's World*.

"Terrors of the Way of Shame," a warning to mothers by **Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh**, Supt. Illinois State Training School for Girls. A strong article based on facts.

"Better Education on the Sex Question," by **Judge Julian W. Mack**, soundest and most distinguished Jurist in the West and for years at head of Juvenile Court, Chicago, where he passed upon thousands of cases.

"White Slavery in America," by **Hon. Charles Nelson Crittenton**, President National Florence Crittenton Mission, having branches throughout the United States and the only institution of the kind ever specially chartered by U. S. Congress. Mr. Crittenton has dealt with the victims of the White Slave Traffic for 25 years and is the greatest living authority on the subject.

Introductory Offer Free Offer—In order to introduce the *Woman's World* to our readers and to demonstrate that it is an unparalleled magazine for the low price asked, we will send our remarkable Star Anniversary Issue, containing stories, songs, poems, articles and essays by all the writers and contributors referred to in this advertisement, **free and postpaid at once** to all who will send us **now** only 25 cents for a year's subscription to this great national magazine. Use the coupon. Subscribers living in the City of Chicago, Canada and foreign countries must send 25 cents additional (fifty cents in all), to cover extra cost of postage.

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Woman's World is printed in colors with separate cover, folded and assembled complete on one press at a speed of 200,000 copies per day. The magazine is then carried automatically to a rotary trimmer, then by automatic carrier to combination automatic addressing and mailing machines. The **Two Million** copies monthly are handled entirely by the latest machinery. This is why we can give so much for 25 cents per year. Everybody is invited to call and see this plant, located in Chicago at 46-48 West Monroe Street and 120-122-124 Clinton Street.

"The International Monster," by Forrest Crissey, advisory editor *Woman's World* and a writer of wide reputation. If Mr. Crissey were permitted to tell in type what he knows about White Slavery he would cause your hair to stand on end. He will do as much, anyway.

Besides the above strong reform treatises on the White Slave and other Evils, which will appear in the next few issues of *Woman's World*, the following great features and fiction, written expressly for *Woman's World*, will also appear during the early part of 1909:

An article for every home-dweller and true American by **Hon. George von L. Meyer**, Postmaster-General of U. S.

"The Rights and Wrongs of Women," by Hon. Robt. M. La Follette, U. S. Senator from Wis.

"Christian Marriage," by Cardinal Gibbons.

"Story of the Old Homestead," by Denman Thompson.

"Odd Family Life in Foreign Lands," by Burton Holmes.

"Saving Waste in School Years," by Hon. Edwin G. Cooley, noted educator.

"A Child of the West," by Charles N. Crewdson, noted author-salesman.

"The Bitter Cup," by Cy Warman, famous Canadian author and master of the short story.

"A Revolution in Practical Education," by Hon. Willett M. Hays, Asst. Secy. Dept. of Agriculture.

Herbert Quick, well-known author.

Humorous Story, by Chas. Battell Loomis.

"The Gloaming Ghost," a new two part serial by **George Barr McCutcheon**. You will not be able to read any new short stories by Mr. McCutcheon unless you read the *Woman's World*.

"Six Mystery Love Stories," by Jacques Futrelle, author "The Thinking Machine," "The King of Diamonds," etc.

"The Confessions of a Soldier of Fortune," three part serial by Roy Norton, author of "The Vanishing Fleets," etc. Also numerous short stories by the same author.

"Annie the Amiable," and two other short stories, by **Rex Beach**.

Three new stories by **Cyrus Townsend Brady**.

"The Modern Comic Opera," by **George M. Cohan**.

"The Romance of the Cave Man," six complete related short stories by **Stanley Waterloo**, author of "The Story of Ab."

"New Arkansas Traveler Stories," each complete in itself, by **Opie Read**, the originator of the Arkansas Traveler.

"A Maid of Millions," by one. How a girl who has unlimited money spends her life.

"What is Sweeter than Irish Music?" a new song by Chauncey Olcott, Irish Star and author of "Day Dreams," etc.

"Education by Machinery," by **Robert B. Armstrong**, former Asst. Sec. of the Treasury. "The Story of a Simple Life," by Maude Radford Warren. Two thrilling boy stories, "The Phantom Wolf," and "From the Neck of the River Thing," by the famous Chicago boy author, Dwight Mitchell Wiley. Articles and stories by Roswell Field, Elliott Flower, Henry M. Hyde, and many, many others.

"Prof. Puzzler's Problems," offering \$10,000 cash and book prizes, etc., in each issue.

Woman's World is edited by Forrest Crissey, Stanley Waterloo and Geo. B. Forrest. Well printed in colors and illustrated. Excellent Departments, ably edited, on Embroidery, Novel Home Entertainments, Poultry, Garden, Health Culture, Children, Kitchen, Home Council, Dress-making with illustrations in colors.



Hon. Edw. W. Sims
U. S. District Attorney



Rex Beach



George Barr McCutcheon



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Stanley Waterloo

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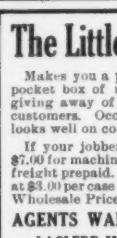
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The Sad Humorist

(Concluded from page 16)

that was responsible, he said: "I guess it was the victory. At least, I should prefer to have that repeated."

A friend discovered the President one day counting greenbacks. "The President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or the laws," said Mr. Lincoln. "This is one of them. This money belongs to a negro porter in the Treasury Department who is now in the hospital so sick that he can not sign his name. According to his wish, I am putting a part of it aside in an envelope, labeled, to save it for him."

Frederick Douglass once gave this remarkable tribute to Lincoln: "He is the only man of distinction I ever met who never reminded me, by word or manner, of my color."

Lincoln was the sincerest statesman the world has ever known; so sincere that even his enemies came to love him as he loved them, and when the sad act of a madman took his life at the hour of his triumph, and perhaps at the hour when he was most needed, both General Robert E. Lee and Mr. Jefferson Davis declared that the truest friend of the South had passed away.

When Jefferson Davis, fleeing from Richmond, heard of Lincoln's death, he said to Stephen Mallory: "I fear it will be disastrous to our people." And Mallory, referring to Davis, said: "He, at least, knows that I preferred Lincoln to himself." So was it with many then. So has it grown upon all since. Abraham Lincoln is a world-hero now, though every State in our Union rightly claims him. Enshrined in the hearts of every American, he has become "Our Lincoln."

* * *

Our Townsman

(Continued from page 17)

as a young woman ignorant of housekeeping, she was trying for the first time to make ginger cakes when Mr. Edwards walked in upon her one November morning with the announcement that Mary Todd was to marry Lincoln that night at his house. The news was a complete surprise. Every one knew that they had at one time been engaged, but also knew that the engagement had been broken some time since.

Mrs. Edwards, famous for her entertainments, when her sister had told her of her sudden intention of marrying at once, was appalled.

"Why, Mary," she had exclaimed helplessly, "what can I give the guests upon such short notice? I shall have to go to the bakery for beer and gingerbread!"

With remembrance of some of the slighting remarks often made of Lincoln's lowly origin, Mary Todd answered spiritedly: "Well, would that not be good enough for a plebeian!"

Evidently Mrs. Edwards did not think so, for, with the help of some of her neighbors, preparations were at once begun for the supper, and, when the guests arrived, the cakes, that stood in rows on the old mahogany sideboard, were still hot from the oven.

Those of us who know the two good-sized rooms connected by wide folding-doors, and have known almost every guest of the few who were assembled that night, can picture quite vividly the scene. Two old mahogany divans stood stiffly against the walls, their backs of embroidered hair-cloth a matter of pride to any hostess. Sperm-oil lamps of a curious shape helped to light the rooms.

In the dining-room a long table was spread, the cloth of finest damask nine feet long with two centers, purchased from a minister from Spain.

Outside, among the bare November boughs, the rain dripped mournfully.

How long ago it was! Bride and bridegroom, clergymen and guests, one alone surviving still, have long gone to their rest. But the divans still do service; the sperm-oil lamps, whose light shone over the assembly, have outlasted them all. The sideboard, where the cakes stood hot to the knife, can still be seen, and the wedding-gown, yellow with age, is tenderly preserved among us, while on November days the rain still drips through old trees about the house where Abraham Lincoln was married.

Lincoln and his wife made their first home in the Globe Tavern, a large frame building rising abruptly from the street, which held perhaps seventy-five people. Their room and board here, though this was the best hotel in the town, cost but four dollars a week. The pictures still extant of

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Automobile Jack and the NEW
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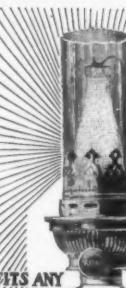


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the old hotel were taken in the house's decline, just before what remained of the original structure was torn down, and give, therefore, little idea of the respectable hostelry where Robert Lincoln was born.

Lincoln is never spoken of in his family relations but as a kind husband and devoted father. After they had their own home on Eighth Street and his children were growing up around him, one of his neighbors tells me that she remembers him best as a great tall man in his shirt sleeves, gently moving a baby buggy on the lawn while one long arm and hand held a book which he devoured. She, a little girl then, remembers little more of him until long after, when she saw him as President, in Washington, and he came out to see her, extending his hand as cordially and simply as he might have done over the garden fence, with: "Why, Annie, how glad Bob will be to know you're here!"

For months of many of Lincoln's years of married life he was riding the circuit, a life that suited him well. He owned for these excursions a horse and an old, shabby buggy, which no one remembers his ever leaving to the care of another. In the small back yard behind his house stood a barn, where he stabled his horse and where he cut his own wood. The free and easy life he led on the circuit unfitted him for the little proprieties his wife, with her more careful training, longed to have him observe. Her sister wrote that Mary was so annoyed that Mr. Lincoln would open the front door to visitors himself. Nothing she could say had any effect. And her relative answered wisely: "If I had a husband with such a mind I wouldn't care what he did." Whereupon Mrs. Lincoln admitted: "It is very foolish; it is a small thing to complain of."

When court was not in session Lincoln often played chess in some of the upper rooms. One of my neighbors was frequently his partner. He was, it seems, by no means a remarkable player, but would become engrossed in the game. One day as he played with Judge Treat, little Tad, his youngest boy, came to summon him home to dinner.

"Pretty soon, sonny," Lincoln said absently, considering a move.

The child pulled his sleeve after a moment with some impatience, but Lincoln paid no heed.

Suddenly little Tad swept all the men from the board with his chubby hand.

Judge Treat was furious, but Lincoln, with a good-natured laugh, gathered the child's hand into his and went obediently homeward.

No one pretends that the children were not spoiled, if spoiling consists in making comrades of three boys and being content to rely upon a noble example for their guidance rather than chastisement and precepts.

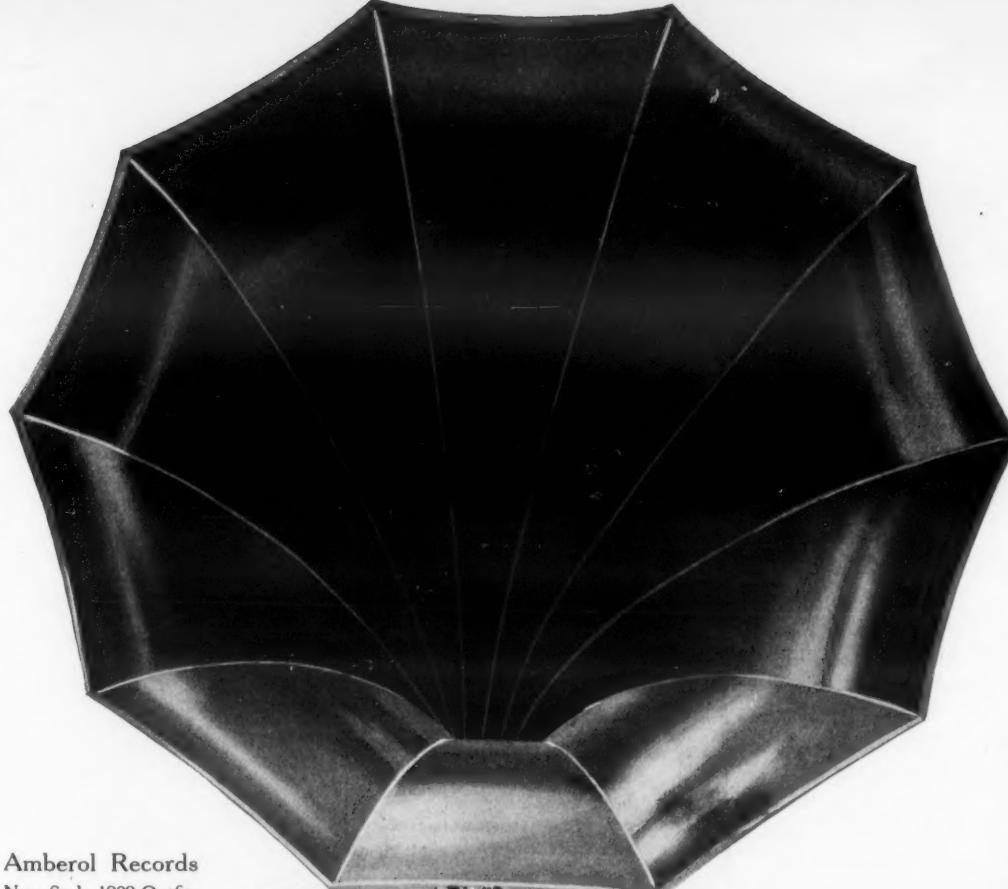
Always a Boy

NO IMPRESSIONS of Lincoln, however fleeting, would be true to his character as our fellow townsmen that did not reflect his love of boys, not only his own, but of boys as a class. One lady remembers him best as sitting before the store below his law office, one foot on the rung of his chair, with the lads swarming about him.

And in those days of intense excitement in Springfield, when Lincoln was nominated in Chicago for the Presidency, we hear of him receiving his first telegram as he played at ball with them. One of these youthful companions, now a grave man of affairs in Detroit, wrote me a short account of the scene. It seems that a group of boys played at the old-fashioned game of barn-ball in a vacant lot between two stores. Here Lincoln, as he was often wont to do, joined them. As they played, a messenger brought a telegram with the news of the first ballot cast in Chicago. Lincoln read it hastily, and said: "Well, boys, I've got to get out of here," and disappeared in the direction of the newspaper office.

A half an hour later Lincoln had gone home to his wife with the news of his nomination, and the citizens, with a brass band, assembled hastily for an ovation in front of that plain little house where he had lived so many years. And first among that gathering of townsmen were the five boys who had helped beguile that anxious hour before the first telegram.

Last view of all is that of February 11, 1861, when Lincoln started for Washington to take his oath of office. His wife and children, the two young men, Nicolay and Hay, and other friends were with him. An eye-witness, a warm friend of Lincoln's, remembers the scene perfectly: the streets lined with people under the heavy February clouds, the fine mist that fell, the private car, the crowd surrounding it, and, last of all, Lincoln coming to the back



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The Welch Grape Juice Co.
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platform, so weary, so unutterably sad, his eyes resting on the crowds, and then those words of ominous farewell, the last he ever spoke in the town that had so long and so intimately known his presence:

"My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return; with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commanding you, as I hope in your prayers you will command me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

+++

Following His Footprints

(Continued from page 14)

met his adversary at Charleston in the center of the State all his confidence was gone and he paced the platform nervously.

Nearly a month elapsed before, on the 7th of October, Douglas faced a crowd at Galesburg, fighting hard on the platform set up in front of Knox College, over which was hung a bold broad banner bearing the inscription: "Knox College for Lincoln." Time and rest had done little to help the Little Giant. This contest upon which he had entered so defiantly and light-heartedly had drained both his purse and strength. The tide was rising dangerously high. He had mortgaged his property to pay the expenses of his showy special train. But all these external appurtenances were of little value now. Lincoln, who had traveled much of the way around the State in a caboose, trailing at the end of a lazy freight, met Douglas for the last two debates at Quincy and Alton on October 13 and 15. Lincoln was now the obvious Presidential candidate of his party, while Douglas went back to the Senate of the United States with strength, nerves, and fortune exhausted.

The perspective of fifty years has set forth this great series of debates as among the momentous events in the story of all nations. It was not a forensic contest. It was not the sifting out of a great moral issue. When referring to the seven meetings Lincoln did not exaggerate when at Quincy he called them "the successive acts of a drama to be enacted not merely in the face of audiences like this, but in the face of the nation and, to some extent, in the face of all the world."

A Gay Pageant

FIFTY years after these earnest country folk walked and rode and drove into Ottawa and set up their camp-fires, the La Salle County-seat was a mass of red, white, and blue. A huge boulder monument was unveiled on the spot where these two giants faced an expectant multitude. A pageant two miles long passed through crowded thoroughfares which half a century back, to the day, were lined with gay visitors and busy takers. The prairie schooners and the spring buggies and old iron tires were supplanted by decorated automobiles and festive jinrikishas and huge floats carrying, in good Ottawa fashion, the Goddess of Liberty in red, white, and blue; and the "Ship of State," designed by the D. A. R. Then there were the flower girls and Uncle Sams on bicycles.

The gay town celebrating the festivities of fifty years ago quieted at three o'clock that peaceful summer afternoon of last August 21 to listen to the late Stephen A. Douglas, the son of the "Little Giant." Mr. Douglas died in Chicago just after Galesburg had celebrated her semicentennial, and his words spoken at Ottawa were prophetic and wonderfully rich in tender remembrances of those two giant rivals.

Fireworks and a barbecue and elaborate special historical editions of the local papers were but parts of the local program that, emulating the proceedings of fifty years ago, set off by train and automobile for Freeport, more than seventy miles away.

There, on the 27th of August, people came by the thousands on special excursions from southern Wisconsin, from Chicago, from out in Iowa, from Rockford, Rock Island, and all around. They came not to hear Senator Dolliver or Congressman Lowden make their very uninspiring addresses on a very inspiring occasion, nor did they come to hear Colonel W. F. Da-

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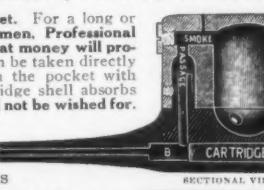
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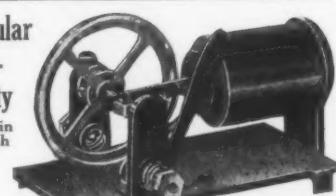
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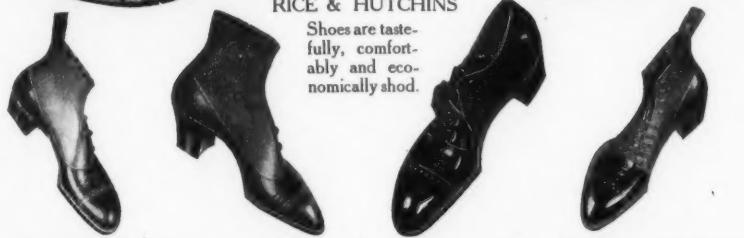
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—And nine cases out of ten the blow-outs which waste money and kill pleasure were caused by overloading.

—Tops, glass fronts, gas tanks, searchlights, extra seats (an invitation for more passengers), storage batteries, extra casings and pounds of luggage are added to large and small cars alike.

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—After the most grueling practical tests, 800 out of the 1,000 Taxicabs in New York, operated by several competing companies, have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used exclusively.



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Runs by Electricity or Water Power! Book FREE

The world has been waiting for this Washer since the very beginning of Time. It's the *Washer* that runs by Electric or Water Motor and does the work without aid of hands. A machine that emancipates women from the work and worry of Washday. So economical to operate that the cost for Power is 2 cents a week or less! So splendidly efficient that no other way of washing compares with it for quick and perfect cleansing of clothes.

The very simplicity of the machine is almost startling. No delicate, intricate parts. Just a simple Motor (Electric or Water Power) attached to the simplest and most successful Washer that human skill can build.

Built in World's Largest Washer Factory

Here in Binghamton, N. Y., we have the largest Washing Machine factory in the world. We believe that more of our 1900 Washers (hand power) are in use today than all other washing machines combined. But we were not content to stop short of the ultimate goal of perfection. So we set ourselves to the task of making Electricity and Water Power do the world's washing. We have succeeded! Here's the machine!

We are proud to offer to the Wives and Mothers of America the result of our years of endeavor in solving the greatest of all household problems.

The 1900 Motor Washer has been on the market a comparatively short time—two years. We send them out by the hundreds, for actual tests in the homes. We pay all the expense of this introductory work. None but ourselves risk a penny.

Women Everywhere Are Delighted!

The 1900 Motor Washer has won golden opinions wherever it has been tried. Practically all of the machines sent out on Free Trial were afterward purchased outright. Everywhere the Washer has been greeted as one of the greatest of labor-saving inventions.

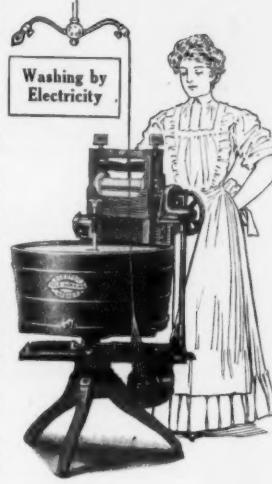
Hundreds of users write us that they would not be without the 1900 Motor Washer for many times its cost. "It has removed all dread of washday," writes one woman. Another says, "It solves the servant girl problem." "It works like a charm," say all.

Self-Working Wringer FREE

We can furnish an Improved Water Motor to run Washer and Wringer. It works perfectly.



Address—The 1900 Washer Co., 3275 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, write to the Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



1900 Motor Washer and Wringer On 30 Days' FREE TRIAL

We pay the freight and take all the risk. You don't invest a cent. *Do four washings with it.* Try it on daily loads; on heavy things, anything. Let that test be severe. See how wonderfully clean it washes. Time its work by the clock. If, after a four weeks' trial, you are not convinced that it is all and more than we claim, we will take it back.

Which Free Book Shall We Send?

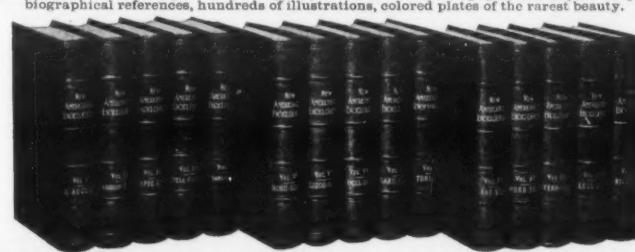
We issue a book about the Electric Motor Washer and a book on the Water Motor Washer. Be sure to say which one you wish. Then, after reading the book, if you are willing to try the Washer, simply tell us to send it on. A postcard brings either one of the books FREE by return mail, postpaid. Send for it now, while you have it on your mind.

Webster's New \$8.50 Encyclopedic Dictionary FREE with each of the first hundred orders

Tremendous Price Reduction—an overwhelming bargain—an extraordinary HALF PRICE offer
MAGNIFICENT 1909 EDITION OF THE

New Americanized Encyclopedia

FIRST IN WEALTH OF LEARNING, FIRST IN WEIGHT OF AUTHORITY, LATEST IN DATE OF PUBLICATION
Fifteen massive volumes, sumptuous binding, 10,000 double column pages, 100 superb maps, 37,000 biographical references, hundreds of illustrations, colored plates of the rarest beauty.



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Its Matchless Authority. Its contributors. Its writers include such men of world-wide fame as Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, John Morley, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Kelvin, Robertson Smith, Sir Norman Lockyer, Thorold Rogers, Saintsbury, Swinburne, Edward Freeman, Lord Simon Newcomb, John Fliske, Cardinal Gibbons, John Bach McMaster, Admiral Melville, Thomas B. Reed, Carroll Wright; and these with hundreds of others equally famous give it an authority so overwhelming, so incomparable that it reigns without a rival in the realm of scholarship.

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Send No Money Now. Sign and mail the attached coupon and we will examine your order at just \$1.00. If you are satisfied with the price, we will then bill you for the balance. If you are not satisfied, we will refund the \$1.00 per month for the cloth and \$2.50 per month for the half morocco.

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C. W.
Feb.
15, '09

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27



The Florsheim SHOE

winter favorites—built to withstand dampness and cold.

Essential to health is perfect foot protection—the Florsheim shoe furnishes it. Most styles \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Write for style book

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

vidson make his herculean effort to rehabilitate Douglas as a great national hero by railing against the "coarse blackguardism of the putrid campaigns of 1850 to 1860." They came to mingle together as Illinoisans, as Lincoln's people, to dwell on his memory and swap old stories; to listen to the male quartette sing: "It's the home of Grant and Logan—" now all help the tenor screw up his face to get that high "H-I-L-L-I-L-L" good, now all together—"inois."

The veterans who had walked barefoot into Freeport fifty years before, who had driven, who anyway on earth got to hear Lincoln, wore badges and stood around in groups and bragged and gossiped and contemplated.

"Were you here fifty years ago?" said a blue-coated old Vet to a milky-eyed white-beard leaning on a crooked hickory staff.

"Guess I was," replied Whitebeard. "I live up at Beloit now, but in them days I come from Buda down in Bureau County and I walked to Ottawa the stiffest Democrat you ever see. I walked up here to Freeport kind o' doubling, and while they was down in the south of the State I followed them in the papers and did a lot of thinking, and when they went to Galesburg I walked from Buda there. And, say, I wa'n't no Democrat when I came away from Galesburg. I saw Abe had him, and he had me too." The old man poked the grass blades that had discovered the cracks in the flagstone walk. Both were dreaming away, away back. Before them stood a husky young fakir, that might have applied his muscle and his abbreviated talents to better uses, crying: "Here ye are, boys—three balls for a nickel—but half a dime—every time you hit the—" But all this the two good veterans neither saw nor heard. Picking up the broken thread, old Whitebeard repeated: "Yes, sir, he got me at Galesburg; I went into the artillery, friend, and I served four years of the war. I ain't always been a Republican since, but I've always tried to be a Lincoln man. I try to figure out what Lincoln would do, and then I do that thing."

"They're about the same as me, comrade," said the second veteran. "I went from McHenry County down to Ottawa just right for little 'Doug,' but I turned over right here at Freeport." Both contemplated for a minute the punctured telegraph pole planted before them.

"Ain't like it used to be, is it, friend?" "N-o-o-o, 'tain't," replied Whitebeard. "Tain't."

"Fellows don't walk all over the State now learning how to vote, do they?"

"N-o-o-o," replied Whitebeard, looking up with a smile gleaming through his filmy eyes; "some fellows I reckon wouldn't walk a mile to vote, let alone learning how." After further reflection he added: "It mayn't be their fault, they hain't got men like we had to teach them how."

"What they doin' down to the grand stand?" asked the first Vet.

"Just talking," said the old white-beard, as he hammered up the courtyard steps with his crooked hickory stick.

Appetite vs. Creed

SO THE celebration trailed itself over the length and breadth of prairie covered by the giant debaters of 1858. At Jonesboro down in the low river land; at Charleston on the old Coles County fair-ground—near the grave of Lincoln's father—at Galesburg, where President-elect Taft spoke, and ex-Vice-President Stevenson, in the shade of the old Knox College, said the best things on Douglas that have been said since the Little Giant was here to speak for himself, and again at Quincy and Alton. In modern luxury automobile tourists accepted the historical excuse to follow the old debaters' trail. In every town the old hotel bore aloft the portraits of its once distinguished visitors. Triumphal arches and "Columbia" floats gave color and gaiety to the towns. The martial music brought to the curb the school populace of each place, and you could buy five throws at a bone-handled jack-knife almost anywhere along the line of march. The Presbyterian ladies argued that they gave better dinner for thirty-five cents than those Methodist earnest workers for fifty just across the way, while the Baptist Boys' Brigade drummed up a good lunch-counter trade in their Sunday-school room.

The old lady who had been there fifty years ago was everywhere, "seen 'em and heard 'em, too," and "waited on Senator Douglas and took refreshments to Mr. Lincoln just as he was leaving town." Wherever one went there were pictures of Illinois rich in her yellow burden of ripened corn and her open fellowship wide as the universe under her flag of freedom, welcoming all mankind as kin, joyous in her priceless heritage, more eager even now than then, after fifty years, to follow in the footsteps of Lincoln.

Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickel Box—Hinged Top



If you don't know William's Shaving Stick when you see it, you'll know it when you use it. The lather is like that of no other. It's creamy, soothing and lasting. Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c. If your druggist does not supply you, a sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



"If You Don't Breathe Properly You Cannot Think Right"

—Prof. Charles Munter

Nulife Compels Deep Breathing

Fill your lungs with a volume of fresh air, and you will instantly feel every internal organ become active and alive. Deep breathing is Nature's own method to vibrate life throughout the system. Every

full breath of fresh air entering the lungs invigorates the heart's action and stimulates the blood circulation in every part of the body.

Nulife holds the spine and head erect, giving the brain regular blood circulation and filling the brain cells with pure blood at every heart beat.

Fresh air, proper blood circulation and regular heart action increase the power of the brain and make clear thinking. You cannot think right unless you breathe right.

Prof. Charles Munter's

Nulife

Trade PATENTED Mark
For Man, Woman
and Child

Every genuine Nulife has name "Nulife" plainly stamped on the belt

Nulife is a thin, washable garment, weighing but a few ounces. It makes you breathe to the full depth of your lungs all the time. It is not a shoulder brace, but a scientific supporter of the body. It strengthens round shoulders, expands the chest from two to six inches, increases your height, and compels free, regular, deep breathing to the full depth of your lungs.

The price of Nulife is \$5.00, for which amount it will be sent postpaid to any address, subject to return of your money as above.

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Dept. C. F. 13-15 W. 34th St., New York

Cut out along dotted line, fill in and mail to-day

Prof. Charles Munter, Dept. C. F.
13-15 W. 34th St., New York

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find \$5.00 for which send me, postpaid, one Nulife, subject to return of full purchase price if I do not find it as guaranteed in the advertisement.

Name.....

Town.....State.....

Chest Measure (close up under arms).....

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"Guarantees a Beautiful Figure."

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Chapped HANDS FACE AND LIPS

Are Instantly Relieved and Quickly Healed with
Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream

A trial of the free sample bottle will convince you that this delightful lotion does promptly soothe and entirely heal rough, irritated, cracked and sore skin, making it soft and smooth. Prevents chapping if applied before exposure. Contains no grease, bleach nor chemicals; guaranteed not to aid a growth of hair. 50 cents at all dealers, or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us for same amount.

A. S. HINDS, 12 West St., Portland, Maine

Write TODAY for Illustrated Booklet and
Free Sample Bottle

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

28



In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

The Awakening of an Industry

THE gas business affords a notable example of the awakening of an industry that had been asleep. For many years it was a sort of unwritten law in the gas business not to advertise. If people wanted gas, let them come and hunt up the gas company and apply for it. The president of one of the large Eastern gas companies expressed the typical attitude of the average gas concern when he said, several years ago: "I hope the day will never come when this company has to ask the people to burn gas."

It is interesting to observe that the stockholders, or somebody, eventually came to disagree with him, for within a few years from that time his company was very active in promoting the use of gas in every way their ingenuity could devise.

The whole gas business has, in recent years, felt a similar change. Old companies that had dawdled along with poor service and a limited patronage have been bought out by men of enterprise, and within a year the new companies are doing three times as much business as the old ones. Even yet the regeneration of the gas business is in its earliest stages. As a well-informed gas man put it: "The gas business is now almost 40 per cent awake to its opportunities."

It sometimes seems as if the people in certain lines of business get together and pass resolution to go to sleep for a few years. Then when some individual gets his eyes open to the fact that he can make more money when he is awake, and begins to tramp around enough to be heard, he disturbs the slumbers of one after another until soon the whole industry is awake, and the world is alive with evidences of its activity.

There are many other industries—dozens of them—which are now enjoying the peaceful non-progressiveness which once soothed the gas business into a self-satisfied six per cent slumber. Perhaps the example of the gas business may enable them to see something of the commercial value of a spirit of enterprise.

Commercial Art Opportunities

WHEN one considers collectively all the drawings used in advertising matter, and thinks of the millions of copies of these drawings there are printed, an idea is gained as to the extent of commercial art work and the number of artists engaged in making pictures for commercial purposes. There is a sort of aristocracy among artists, as there is in almost everything else, and too often the artist who paints pictures such as we find in art galleries assumes that his work is so much more important, from a standpoint of art, than the work of the commercial artist, that he looks upon the latter with less professional respect than is due to the part he plays.

It is necessary, of course, to keep clearly in mind the distinction between "commercialized art" and "art for commercial purposes." Many of the illustrations used in advertisements can not, in the true sense of the term, be called art at all—they are merely pictures of things or, at best, some idea or notion, conceived by the intellect rather than by the feeling, and expressed in a form that appeals, if at all, merely to the intellect. But art, in its accepted definition, is "the adequate expression of a typical emotion." It begins with the feeling rather than with the intellect, and it conveys a feeling rather than the mere external image of a thing.

One thought that seems to need especial emphasis in connection with the art and semi-art and so-called art of commercial use is this: commercial art might easily be made to express a far greater degree of the real art spirit than it usually does. It begins with one great advantage—that of copious reproduction. A picture that is reproduced in a list of magazines, such as is used by national advertisers, is not in

Construction Bond

You—even if you are a most exacting lover of dignified, impressive stationery—you will be satisfied with the genuine qualities of Construction Bond. Clean, clear, "crackly," tough; made in three perfect finishes—medium, linen, high-plate—in five thicknesses, and in pure white and six rich colors, it meets the demands of any business man who wants

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

We sell Construction Bond in case lots only, direct to responsible printers and lithographers, never through jobbers. That's the way we hold down the price and make it the Standard of Value. If your printer or lithographer cannot supply you, write us on your business letterhead for handsome sample portfolio. We'll tell you a printer and lithographer who will supply you.

W. E. WROE & CO.
306 Michigan Boulevard Chicago
X X X X X X X X

Fine-Form
TRADE MARK
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the
kind ever made. Combines solid comfort and
elegance. Fine form and elegant appearance in
the home, on the street, and in society. Always draped
evenly in front and back—no bulkiness, no drawstrings—
no lacing—no tipping or basting. Can be worn the year
round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the
material and have them made at home.

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Maternity Skirt." It is full of valuable information
for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles,
material, and care. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and
users. 10 Days Free Trial. When you get our book, if your
dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts,
make your selection of material and style, and we will make the
garment to your order. When you get it, wear it two days, and
if you do not find it exactly as required, return it in a
box, and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts
If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W
dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same
guarantee—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we
send? Write to-day to
Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 51, Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the Fine-Form
Maternity Skirt is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the
only skirt which can always be worn evenly, from the smallest
size to the largest, and will ride front during development—a fault to repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere
for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

A Happy Marriage
Depends largely on a
knowledge of the whole
truth about self and sex
and their relation to life
and health. This knowledge
does not come intelligently
of itself, nor
correctly from ordinary
everyday sources.

SEXOLOGY
(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M. D., imparts in a
clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., Dept. W—PHILA., PA.

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Fire Insurance Rates Too High?

Doubtless. But the rate simply measures the fire loss as a thermometer does the temperature. Rates in America are ten times higher than in some parts of Europe, but—in 1908 the fire loss in America was **238 Millions of Dollars**. This enormous waste was largely preventable. Slipshod methods of construction and criminal carelessness in the use of property bring about this terrible fire loss. Is it any wonder fire rates are high in America?

Do you want to help reduce the fire cost and fire insurance rates? THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has published a book on this subject which contains chapters for the Householder, the Merchant and the Manufacturer. It tells each how to reduce the chance of fire in his particular class of property. If all property owners would follow the suggestions of this book the fire waste would be lessened and fire insurance rates would be greatly reduced. The book also gives valuable advice as to how insurance should be written and tells in simple language common errors to avoid. This book may save you thousands of dollars and much trouble, no matter in what company you are insured. It is free. Send for it at once.



THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford, Conn.

Send me your Book "Fire Prevention and Fire Insurance" advertised in Collier's.

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Address _____

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Wonderful opportunity to get these fifteen magnificently bound volumes, comprising the Library of Universal History, for less than half value. The publishers have failed. We, as receivers, must dispose of enough sets to pay the obligations of the publishers. For a limited time we will send you a set for free examination without asking you to pay one cent down.

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I would like to examine a set of your new History in my home free for a week.

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DRESS SHIRTS
WOULDNT you like to get a Dress Shirt with a tailor's fit and in a gentleman's package? **Sanspareil** Dress Shirts are sealed by us in a transparent, dust proof paraffine wrapper that keeps each shirt snowily white and secure from spots, smudges and finger-prints. The perfect shirt in the perfect package. \$1.25. \$1.50 and upward.
Ask your dealer for "SANS-PAREIL" Dress Shirts, Day Shirts, Night Robes and Pajamas. Our dainty booklet "A" "THE WELL-SHIRTED MAN" sent free, if you write.
MILLEN, AIKENHEAD & CO.
814 Broadway, New York

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Are Not
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Enough



to compete with the Comptometer on any kind of figuring, neither have you the endurance.

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It will work twenty-four hours of every day in the year and still be fresh. Then, too, it will figure in two hours what you cannot figure in eight or more. Isn't such time worth saving?

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Use THE COMPTOMETER. Experience the relief it affords, the time it saves. You will then see how foolish it is to waste valuable time and effort in primitive mental figuring.

Write for pamphlet, or write at once for a Comptometer on free trial, express paid, U. S. or Canada. Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 835 No. Paulina St., Chicago

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"



OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water-Mark"

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men. Prove this for yourself—let us give you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

The Wizard of Horticulture
Mr. Luther Burbank says:

"The Delicious apple is correctly named. It is the best in quality of any apple I have so far tested—it is a gem," and he knows.

The U. S. Pomologist

Col. George B. Brackett, says:
"I always told you I consider Delicious best of all varieties you have introduced"

A Free Sample

of this famous Delicious apple will be sent on request. It is the greatest quality apple of the age, selling at 50% more than Jonathan. No orchard is up-to-date without Delicious trees. Stark Trees are always best; always bear fruit and every tree has our reputation of 84 years backing it. Our stock is complete; all lines in full assortment. Write today for the free sample apple, also for the Stark Fruit Book and "The Apple Stark Delicious"—a wonderful new book showing Delicious and King David in nature's own colors. Stark Bro's, Box 15, Louisiana, Mo.

MONEY MAKING CONCRETE
The great durability and handsome appearance of concrete products is now recognized world wide. Big Money Making plants being established everywhere. It will pay you to investigate the proposition for a factory in your locality to furnish machines, molds and everything needed. Write for particulars.
THE PETTYJOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

MAKE MONEY DRAWING
ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS are well paid. Send for free books, "MONEY IN DRAWING," tells how we teach illustrating by mail. Our students sell their work and succeed well as men. The National Press Association, 84 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You
TRADE MARK GUARANTEED
We have more than 100,000 satisfied customers in more than 17,000 cities, villages and towns in the United States who have each saved from \$5 to \$40 by buying a Kalamazoo stove or range on

360 DAYS' APPROVAL

direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove or range has a higher reputation or given better satisfaction. You run no risk. You save all dealers' profits. We pay the freight.

Send a Postal for Catalogue

For Coal or Wood Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 176. For Gas Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 501. Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich. Our patent gives the stove the best baking and roasting.

We have more than 100,000 satisfied customers in more than 17,000 cities, villages and towns in the United States who have each saved from \$5 to \$40 by buying a Kalamazoo stove or range on

360 DAYS' APPROVAL

direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove or range has a higher reputation or given better satisfaction. You run no risk. You save all dealers' profits. We pay the freight.

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For Coal or Wood Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 176. For Gas Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 501. Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich. Our patent gives the stove the best baking and roasting.

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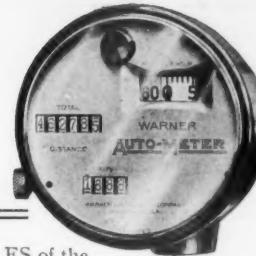
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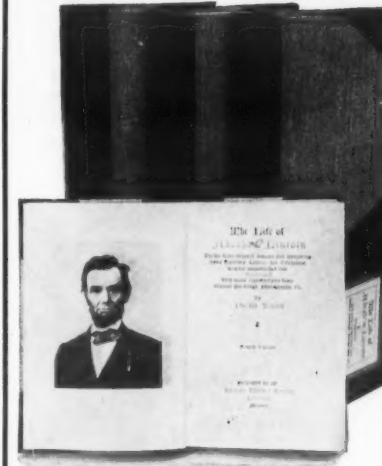
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